VISTA GRANDE
CROCKER TRACT

COLMA RECORD

HILLCREST
MISSION TRACT

BY J. L. BROWN. COLMA, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1910. VOL. 2. NO. 4.

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTH END TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

The new Hillcrest theatre will be completed about June 1st.

Mrs. W. White attended the G. A. R. convention at Oakland last week.

Mrs. M. A. Johnson's new 'phone at the Vista Grande postoffice is Mission 6606.

The Catholic Slavonian Society will hold a picnic at Lovechen Garden next Sunday.

Don't fail to try a sack of the Peacock Family Flour — Mission Tract Grocery. *

The new order of Artisans, just organized, are to be called the El Camino Real camp.

G. W. White left Monday for a two or three weeks' stay at the Springs for his health.

The United Artisans will meet every Tuesday evening at Knowles Hall, beginning May 1st.

Grand weather and what beautiful flowers abound in the Colma district at the present time.

Amelio Scramaglia, who is reported to have been quite sick with la grippe, is improving nicely.

The Mission Tract Grocery now has a delivery. Orders solicited and goods promptly delivered. *

First-class union printing right here at home. Quick work and perfect satisfaction guaranteed. *

For Sale—A complete set of the California Codes at a bargain. Apply at the Record office. *

The Record is prepared to print your election cards with union label and first-class in every particular.

While working on a building Tuesday, Guy Coon had quite a fall, resulting in the injuring of his foot.

The Mission Tract Grocery is now handling the Genuine Coulson Poultry Feeds of the Western Feed Co. *

The children of Messrs. B. Crudda and B. Coon, both residing on Theta avenue, are sick with whooping cough.

A Mrs. Klintin, of San Francisco, is opening an ice cream parlor in the room recently vacated by Angelo Selmi.

Supervisor Casey and Mrs. and Dr. W. G. Beattie, of Colma, attended the lawn party at MacMillen's Monday evening.

Mrs. John Bianchi, of Colma, by advice of her physician, has gone to Italy for a year, accompanied by her children.

A pleasant musicale was held at Mrs. Katie Wight's, near Mt. Olivet, Monday evening. Miss Annie Burnes presided at the piano.

The project is being considered of erecting an El Camino Real Bell at the junction of Mission road and San Jose avenue, Daly's Hill.

The sewing circle at Mrs. Gosselin's, Colma, April 20, was a pleasant and profitable affair. Ice cream and cake were served as refreshments.

The North San Mateo Improvement Club have changed their meeting place from Font's hall to President Shoup's home, every Tuesday evening.

Miss Frances Behre entertained a number of her friends Wednesday evening in celebration of a beautiful new piano, a present from her mother.

Those of the Record's subscribers whose time have expired should be prompt in their renewal, as the money is needed to make further improvements.

Neil Huddy, formerly of Vista Grande, while rescuing a party of young ladies from drowning at El Campo, Sunday, came near losing his own life.

Fred Lambert has moved his marble works to the residence and shop of his father, Chas. P. Lambert, who will engage in the business. Good luck, C. P. L.

The First Grand Ball of El Camelo Parlor, No. 181, N. D. G. W., is announced to take place at Colma Hall Saturday evening, May 14th. Tickets 25 cents. *

The Record's new job printing department is meeting with good success, and the high grade of work that is being turned out is reeciving universal praise. *

Dr. P. D. Rowland of the German Hospital has office hours in the Knowles building, Hillcrest, from 7 to 8 p. m. Residence, 117 Peoria street, Crocker Tract. *

Next Sunday morning the Vista Grande M. E. Church will start a revival service, at which the pastor will be assisted by prominent preachers from other places.

Robby Woolly, the boy who was kicked in the face by a horse recently, is getting along fine under the treatment of Dr. Rowland, and there will scarcely be a scar.

H. L. Carmichael has made a big improvement in the Mission Tract Grocery that he recently purchased, adding a new stock of clean goods at the lowest prices. *

George W. Savage is a candidate for constable, subject to the Republican primaries on August 16th. His cards were printed by the Record's new job department.

The reopening of the Casey meat market in Vista Grande next Monday will be greeted with pleasure by everybody, who can feel sure of getting meat that is not diseased.

Mrs. Julia McSweeney, of Hillcrest, died Monday, April 25, of a complication of diseases. The funeral took place Wednesday morning from the Ocean View Catholic Church.

Chas. Behre, of 119 Theta avenue, left Monday for Eureka, Calif., where he enters the employ of the U. S. Government, in the erection of fortifications at Humboldt Harbor.

No need to go to the 'city for **Job Printing.** The Record has installed a beautiful outfit, first class in every particular, latest designs in type and every modern facility for producing perfect results. *

Mrs. M. A. Johnson, 614 Mission Road, has added to her dry goods stock a line of ready-to-wear ladies' shirtwaists and children's dresses. Also Union-made overalls for men and boys. Special prices this week. *

Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.*

The man Nelson, who was run down by a car while riding a motor cycle on Mission road, near Vista avenue, recently, and was reported to have died from his injuries, is alive and well, and is now investigating the case.

The annual congregational meeting of the Grace Presbyterian Church will be held Friday evening. Rev. A. R. Willis will be present and after the election of officers light refreshments will be served. The membership of this young church now numbers 32.

Dr. Bush, the new dentist in the Knowles Building, is building up a nice practice, the result of the excellent satisfaction he has given thus far, and an assurance of honest service that cannot be had from the fakes who are so numerous in the city.

The Good Cheer Boy's Club will give a juvenile minstrel show at Grace Presbyterian Church, Friday evening, May 6th. Admittance, 10 cents. After the show the Ladies' Helpful Guild will have an ice cream social. Nice home-made cake and ice cream, 15 cents.

The service of the Vista Grande postoffice is certainly excellent. A letter mailed either at the office or in the box at the corner of Mission and Hillcrest Drive, any time during the night, will be taken up in time to arrive in the city for all the outbound morning trains, or for delivery to any part of San Francisco before noon.

Last Thursday afternoon, just after the Record had gone to press, the residence of Henry S. Barnes, at 711 Myrtle street, Vista Grande, was completely destroyed by fire, at a loss of about $2,500. A small insurance was carried but not sufficient to in any way compensate Mr. Barnes. About all the contents of the house were saved, except a chest of tools, valued at $200, that was in the room where the fire started. A defective electric wire was the cause of the fire. Mr. Barnes will likely build upon a lot that he owns on the hill.

GOOD TIMES COMING

General Spirit of Confidence Pervades The Atmosplere---Vista Grande To Have A New Business Block---The Welkin Rings With The Music.

Every Other Locality in the Coma District Alive and Full of Energy---Buildings are Springing Up Everywhere Like Mushrooms---The Fire Alarm System in the Crocker Tract Installed This Week.

FRESNO'S MALAGA GRAPES IN HIGH FAVOR IN EAST

Cheap Prices for California Product Last Season Widens Field.

Fresno.—The low prices for Malaga grapes in the East last year will bring a golden harvest to Fresno county farmers through the widened field obtained by the cheapness of the fruit last seasor. The Easterners are preferring the Malagas to the Spanish varieties imported by the barrel and carefully packed in cork, says H. A. Sprague, a prominent fruit man of Fresno, who has just returned from an extended trip East.

Heretofore Malaga shipments have been stopped as soon as the Tokays and purple Emperors came in, but this year Eastern shipments will be continued throughout the season. The Eastern markets now prefer the white Malagas to the dark Emperors and Tokays. The veering in taste will mean much for local fruit growers, as there is a large acreage here in Malagas. The crop has in the past been used largely for the State demand. The Eastern apple crop is poor and there will be a good season for all California fruit.

Free Dental Work For School Children

Having made arrangements with the School Trustees of the Jefferson School District, I am prepared to devote the hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m., on Saturdays, to Free Dental Work for School Children. Those desiring to take advantage of this offer can procure cards from Prof. Savage.

Respectfully,
L. B. HOLMES, Colma.
Cor. Price St. and Mission Road. *

FOOD SHARPS REVERSE RULING ON WINE LABEL

Government Board Will Not Insist on Use of Word "Type."

Washington.—California wine growers gained a victory before the Government pure food board in the matter of the labeling of port and sherry wines.

The board had previously ruled that California port and sherry wine should be labeled "California port type" and "California sherry type," and the wine growers of that State vigorously objected, declaring the ruling injured their business.

Representatives Kahn, Hayes, Needham and Knowland of California and Bert Schlesinger appeared before the board and argued against the former ruling of the board.

Without leaving their seats, the board, which was presided over by Secretary Wilson, voted to reverse its former ruling and not insist on the word "Type" on the labels.

Policeman Didn't Like His Fortune.

San Francisco.—Because she told Parolman Harry Seguin, who already has a wife and family, that he may expect to be married soon and will in course of time become the happy father of thirteen little Seguins, Marie Carabets, a Gypsy, was fined $50 by Police Judge Conlan. She was arrested and charged with violating the ordinance against fortune telling.

Dr. F. J. H. Bush, Dentist.

Dr. F. J. H. Bush opened up his Dental Parlors in the Knowles Building, Monday, March 14, 1910, with office hours from 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. on week days, and from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m Sundays, and respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. Dr. Bush is a first-class dentist in every branch of his profession, and always gives perfect satisfaction. *

Jefferson School Graduating Class

The graduating class of the Jefferson School is preparing an entertainment under the efficient management of Miss Hazel Garcelon, teacher of the Sixth Grade, to be held in Colma Hall, Friday evening, April 29th. The main feature will be a pretty little farce, entitled "Crowned Before Dawn," that will be rendered by the following students: Josephine Lindsay, Emma Witt, Josephine Lagomarsino, Anna Kluge, Tessie Fuches, Ruth Talbott, Gladys Faber, Reta and Bentley Gass, Adelina Moresco and Rose Belli. Following the farce will be a dance. Everybody invited.

The MacMillen Lawn Party.

A most enjoyable lawn party was given Monday evening at the residence of R. S. K. MacMillen, 108 Irvington street. The affair was arranged by Mrs. Wm. Rosenberg, Mrs. Hetty Oswald, Mrs. Robert Fine and others, representative of the Ladies' Auxiliary, as a surprise to the Crocker Tract Improvement Club, whose members were invited at their meeting that evening. The beautiful home and lawn were elegantly arranged by the pleasant hostess, and "Mac," who is pretty near as good as his wife, certainly did himself proud in building the temporary dance platform and for his genial welcome to the large number of guests. Sweet music was furnished by W. C. Boight, of 1322 Brunswick street, and the sumptuous refreshments by the Ladies' Auxiliary. A glad MacMillen night.

Mrs. T. J Mullins' Ice Cream Parlor

"The Crest"—The new Candy and Ice Cream Parlor, on Mission Road, near the corner of Wellington avenue and opposite Hillcrest Drive, recently opened by Mrs. T. J. Mullins, is a decided improvement and an attractive addition to the hill. Mrs. Mullins, who thoroughly understands her business and the art of pleasing, carries a first-class line of Confections and manufactures her own Ice Cream, Ice Cream Soda and other Ices, **from strictly pure materials only.** 'Tis a real treat to visit this elegant little resort, because of the perfect manner in which one is served, and its convenience to the street car waiting station makes it particularly desirable. Mr. Mullins, who is the **Sole Resident Agent** of the **American Real Estate Co.** also has his office here, and has a **Public Telephone Booth** for the convenience of those wishing to use the same. *

By giving your job printing to the Record, you thereby assist your home paper and enable it to more effectually assist you and your interests in this locality. If you get your printing elsewhere, you get nothing in return compared to the assistance that the Record can and will give you if you will just "tote fair."

The Record Not For Wise Guys.

The Record wants itself read, and offers the most liberal inducements to those wishing to subscribe. There are those, perhaps, who do not feel able to pay in advance, and in that case, we want you just the same. Others may feel that they cannot afford the expense and borrow the paper from their friends. This is all right, too, for the main object in view is to have everybody read the Record. This liberality is not calculated, of course, for a wise guy, who gets horns and stops the paper without a scintilla of an excuse, and then borrows or steals it.

New Business Block For Vista Grande.

The fence in front of the Lilly Patch is being torn down and it is reported that an entire block of buildings are to be erected there at a cost of $10,000. Six stores will face Mission road and each will contain living apartments, consisting of four rooms and bath. On the corner, there is to be a two-story building for a nickelodeon and on the second floor a dance hall. 'Tis said that the buildings will all be of the finest architecture and be modern in every way, including a large electric light globe in front of each store, and the nickelodeon will be a blaze of glory.

El Camino Reil Bell Rang at Colma.

El Camino Real Bell—what' a beautiful and appropriate tribute to the pioneer mission builders in California. The ceremony in dedicating the one in the Colma plaza Sunday was both impressive and instructive. Mrs. Spellman, of the Foresters, presided and the affair consisted of a number of interesting addresses, including a few words from that grand old Colma pioneer, Hon. R. S. Thornton, whose venerable presence added pathos to the beautifully conducted affair as nothing else could have done. Mr. Thornton is 93 years of age and has resided in Colma over 60 years. The unveiling and ringing of the bell was done by Father Lane, and Supervisor Casey made a nice acceptance address in behalf of the people of Colma.

A Golden Wedding.

Last week the Record accidentally omitted mention of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Quirey, parents of Mrs. Chas. A. Johnson, of 130 Irvington St. Those present were three children, two daughters and one son, and their families, and quite a number of friends, one son being East and unable to attend. The ceremony was performed in a beautiful and impressive manner by Revs. F. S. Ford and F. E. Bowen, after which the aged couple were showered with rice as had been done fifty years ago. The center of the golden cake contained the figures "50," and around them was a circle containing $50 in gold, presented by the children. A large number of letters of congratulation were read from friends and relatives in the East.

The Eagles' Souvenir Program.

The printing of the beautiful Souvenir Program for the Day and Moonlight Picnic of the Colma-Vista Grande Aerie, No. 1848, at Biggio Park, Aug. 21, 1910, was awarded to the Record this week. There are to be at least twenty-four pages and the covers will be printed emblematic and in three colors. High grade stock will be used, and the printing done in the most artistic style, such as can only be produced with new and up-to-date printing material. Solicitors will secure advertising for this souvenir and business men represented will undoubtedly receive profitable results. The exclusive management of the program is with Samuel Cerf, of Vista Grande, who reports very encouraging success, having secured contracts for several pages already.

Hopes to Produce Tri-colored Rose.

Los Angeles.—Having a rose bush which produces red and white flowers, Park Superintendent Long of Long Beach thinks he can make it take on a blue shade also and thus he will produce a national flower. Last year a bush in Pacific Park bore snow white roses. This season the flowers are beautifully tinged with red. Long attributes this fact to the proximity of a red rose bush, and says that by next year, when the roots of the bushes mingle, the red stripe will be even more pronounced. He is now planning to force the red and white bush to take on a shade of blue.

AT THE LAW MILL OF THE NATION IN WASHINGTON

Work of People's Representatives in Congress Told in Brief Dispatches.

House Insurgents Start More Excitement by Attempt to Put Final Quietus on Cannon.

Washington. — Last week another movement was launched by the insurgent Republican members of the House to take away from the speaker the power to appoint the House committees.

Representative Fowler of New Jersey, one of the insurgents, asked immediate consideraton of a resolution providing for the selection of two committees, one to be composed of Republican and the other Democratic members, the duty of which would be to designate all members of House committees.

Immediately the House became a scene of confusion, members anticipating a repetition of the stirring scenes of several weeks ago when the insurgents, combining with the Democrats, succeeded in removing the speaker from the powerful committee on rules.

Members who had been absent at committee meetings when the resolution was presented came flocking into the chamber, and catching the fever of excitement added to the confusion.

Fowler was again recognized to speak on his resolution. He announced that he did not wish cosideration of the resolution until May 1, but desired to have it referred to the committee on rules, and to have it come up before the House as a privileged matter on the date mentioned.

Fowler, commenting on his resolution, said: "I accomplished all that I intended. I merely wanted to get my resolution read and the notice of members attracted to it and so bring it to the attention of the country. It embraces a great reform in the House of Representatives and ultimately will prevail. I expect to see it adopted before the present session ends."

Fowler did not attempt to force consideration of his resolution largely upon the advice of Representative Morris and other insurgent leaders, who urged him not to press it at this time, thus interfering with the consideration of the railroad bill and other important Administration legislation.

Eagles Don't Want Prize Fight.

Ukiah.—The town trustees passed an ordinance fixing the license for prize fights at $1000 a year, and limiting the number of fights for any year to one of one round. It is understood that some energetic promoters were figuring on holding a prize fight here during the coming grand Aerie of the Eagles, and that a number of prominent members of the order were afraid that the fight and its incidental hilarity would be charged up to the Eagles. This method was taken to head it off.

A "Gentleman" Tramp.

Sacramento.—Walter Giles, claiming to be a southern gentleman whose family manor house is in Tennessee, was taken off the overland limited train, where he was lying flat on his stomach on top of the cars. He declared that he never beat his way except on a first-class train. Giles was sent to jail for ten days by City Justice Anderson.

William J. Bryan Returns.

New York.—William J. Bryan last week arrived in New York, full of enthusiasm about the wonders of South America and with absolutely no ideas, so far as he was wiling to admit, about the state of affairs political in this country. "The object of my trip," he said, was the study of economic and sociological conditions in South America."

Death of King's Assassin.

Vienna.—A telegram from Belgrade reports the death of Colonel Maschin, who, with a band of officers, forced his way into the palace on the night of June 10, 1903, and massacred King Alexandra and Queen Draga and those who sought to defend their majesties. Maschin was the husband of the Queen's sister and the promoter of the tragedy.

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor

Abdul Hamid, the deposed sultan, insists that he is still alive. But does this make it so?

The world is being flooded with gold, says a Yale professor. Perfectly dry out here, prof.

George Bernard Shaw wants to abolish property and marriage—for advertising purposes, as usual.

Platinum has gone up to $710 a pound. This makes a pound of steak look pretty cheap after all.

Gertrude Atherton says American men have no subtlety. It appears to be absolutely impossible to please Gertrude.

A whole village in Italy is sliding down the hill on which it was built. The coasting must be unusually fine in that locality.

When President John H. Finley made his plea for the English language, George Ade and the baseball reporters just laughed.

If we are to believe all we read in the newspapers, the advantages of a pure food law have not yet been impressed upon the oysters.

An opera singer has sued a man named Kraut for $100,000 because he is no longer sweet on her. That'll be likely to sour Kraut still more.

The latest cure for tuberculosis is rattlesnake venom. There does not seem to the average individual much choice between the remedy and the disease.

A Long Island man is the father of twenty-eight children, but he isn't going about complaining of the high cost of living. To be a hero is often a simple matter.

Unprecedented things are happening the world over. But do not get alarmed. Some things are just as before. For instance, a revolution is going on in Santo Domingo.

Jeffries is an actor; John L. Sullivan calls himself a literary man; Jack Johnson travels with his own show; Mike Donlin poses as a comedian. Verily, the cause of Art moves forward with giant strides.

Parisians of the present day are like the compatriots of Noah. When the French hydrographic bureau prophesied floods they ridiculed the idea, and as they crossed the bridges of the Seine would remark flippantly to one another, "Look out or you will get your feet wet." But the flood came.

The value of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research has been demonstrated by the discovery that infantile paralysis is an infectious disease of the spinal cord, and not a blood disease. The germ has not yet been isolated, but physicians are working for the discovery or development of an antitoxin which shall rob this dread disease of its terrors as diphtheria has been robbed.

For nearly fifty years Theodor Mommsen was professor of ancient history in the University of Berlin. During this time he achieved a world-wide reputation for scholarship. The Germans have lately done honor to his memory by erecting on the grounds of the university a memorial statue, representing the great man, seated with a book on his knee, as if he were still teaching his generation the lessons they should learn from the past.

A physician of Currie, near Edinburgh, who has long been known as "the starving doctor," has died at the age of 91. The peculiarities of his treatment were that he gave little medicine, no alcoholic stimulants, and encouraged rest and fasting during illness. "Open the windows, go to bed, eat nothing at all and drink plenty of good water," he was accustomed to tell his patients. His success was attested both by his large practice and by his own retention of health to extreme old age.

Nearly all civilization is the product of the city, where mind meets mind and each becomes brighter from contact. Masses of population may engender great vices, but they also engender great virtues, and if they do not produce they certainly develop the finest and keenest intelligences that we have. The little town states of Greece created most of the ancient civilization that is worth having, and after they fell and the dark ages came in it was the little city republics of Italy that brought light, learning and mercy back to the world. Some of the blackest crimes are committed in the country. Conan Doyle has Sherlock Holmes in one of his best stories, point out this fact. It was a clever touch and it is true. The country man is not more honest than the city man, although he may lack the opportunities. Flaubert and Balzac have drawn grim pictures of sordid meanness in the rural life of France; Tolstoi has done as much for Russia, and Sudermann, Ibsen and Hardy have told similar black stories of their own countries. The recent report of the commission on country life showed conditions which left very much to be desired in the way of improvement.

James A. Patten, having made much money in the wheat pit and on the cotton exchange, feels that he can afford the time to address his countrymen on the subject of their national extravagance. "We throw away," says he, "more food than would supply the tables of almost any other country. The high prices are due chiefly to our wastefulness of living, and until we curtail our living expenses there is no remedy for the present situation." These are to-day familiar observations. They have fallen from the lips of many well-to-do Americans. Being able to afford to be extravagant, they sternly rebuke that fault or crime in those who are not able. But there does not seem to be one among them who practices what he preaches. It is not enough to "point to brighter worlds." One should also "lead the way." Here is Mr. Patten, for instance, who tells us we must "curtail our living expenses," and stamps the value of the advice on the popular mind by starting off on a pleasure trip to Europe. He is giving countenance to a form of American extravagance which costs about $150,000,000 a year. American annual expenditures in foreign travel come to something like that. These preachments of the gospel of economy by missionaries clothed in purple and fine linen have no effect upon a wasteful generation. Yet there would be a wonderful change for the better if every man in this country were to make thrift his handmaiden. There would be more comfort and contentment, smaller housekeeping bills and more money in the savings banks. If we were thrifty as the French are we could soon rival them as bankers for the world. We could lay up a store of wealth that would gladden us with golden interest. And incidentally American women would be better housekeepers and cooks. Unhappily not all the lecturing and advice that may be lavished on them will make Americans thrifty. Nothing short of urgent need in a hard case will drive them to it. New Englanders long had the reputation of being close fisted, pinching each dollar till the eagle screamed. They had to be thrifty. It was the condition of existence. It is otherwise with their descendants. If anything can cure Americans of that crying sin of extravagance so ably denounced by Jas. J. Hill, Jas. A. Patten and other preachers of economy for others, it will be the iron pressure of high prices. When men find that the swelling tide of high prices does not carry their incomes up correspondingly they will have to cut down expenses. They will have to study closely the details of domestic management and pare a little here and there in order to live as decently as they have been living.

Your Most Important Reserve.

We Americans seem to think that it is comparatively easy to bribe nature, that we can break all health laws, doing two or three days' work in one; eating as much at a single dinner or banquet as nature would require for two or three days; that we can abuse our system in all sorts of ways, and then make amends by drugging ourselves and patronizing the springs and other health resorts, says Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine.

Many Americans spend their lives oscillating between two extremes, abusing their bodies, and doctoring them. The result is dyspepsia, exhausted vitality, nervous diseases of all kinds, insomnia, mental depression, insanity.

The efforts of great surgeons to save lives are often ineffective because the resisting power of the body has been ruined by some form of vicious living, or by overeating, undereating, lack of sleep, or other transgressions of the laws of health. Many people die from minor surgical operations or amputations after accident because of lack of physical reserve to assist nature in carrying them over the crisis.

The person who lives a perfectly normal life has a vast physical reserve power, which would carry him through any ordinary kind of disease, or tide him over any ordinary accident, a necessary amputation, or other needed operation. But when one uses up all his force, all his vitality, as he goes along, of course he has little or nothing to fall back upon in case of a severe accident or other emergency which calls for a great expenditure of physical force or vitality.

Subduing a Bully.

A writer in a Vladivostok paper tells of an encounter he once witnessed on a Siberian train between a lady and a nobleman.

When the train pulled up at Tsitikar, in Manchuria, a Manchu noble who had bullied all his fellow passengers alighted at the station restaurant after warning them that he would decapitate any of them who took his seat. During his absence a smartly dressed young Russian lady entered the car and, despite the alarmed expostulations of its occupants, calmly appropriated the seat. When the noble returned he flew into a passion and advanced threateningly with his curved saber drawn. But the young woman coolly covered him with a shining revolver.

"Do you take us for a pack of cowardly mandarins?" she exclaimed, and then, pointing to her feet, she remarked: "Here is your place, my hero."

The Manchu noble surrendered and sat at her feet for the rest of the journey.

All Her Own Way.

Naggs—I wouldn't live with a wife who weighed more than 200 pounds.

Mrs. Naggs—A wife who weighed 200 pounds could compel you to live with anything.—Boston Herald.

Every thief believes everybody steals

BIG FEES of NEW YORK LAWYERS

THE size of legal fees is growing to keep pace with the magnitude of financial transactions. Recently it became known that Samuel Untermeyer, the New York corporation lawyer, had received a fee of $775,000, all cash, with the exception of a block of stock valued at $65,000. This is above three-quarters of a million dollars. When the news became noised abroad there was a degree of consternation among clients and citizens who contemplated a legal flyer; some lawyers turned green, some judges began to figure on a polite form of resignation from the bench and some police court attorneys raised their rate $2.50 for defending "drunks and disorderlies."

If William Nelson Cromwell would reveal the fee that he got for engineering the sale of the Panama Canal by the French owners to the United States government it might be found that he is entitled to the laurels of the highest legal compensation. At the time of the sale of the $40,000,000 property it was reported in Washington that his fee was upward of $1,000,000. Of course, mere rumor cannot be credited in an official championship contest. On another case Mr. Cromwell is said to have admitted that he made $400,000 in sixty days, which is a very fair achievement. It was his fee for adjusting the affairs of Decker, Howell & Co., New York bankers, who failed for $17,000,000. There is little doubt that Mr. Cromwell realized six figure fees for his work in organizing the United States Steel Corporation, the American Cotton Oil Company and the National Tube Company.

Senator Elihu Root's fee for acting as counsel for James Hazen Hyde during the Equitable Life Assurance Society disturbance was at the rate of $3.00 a minute, or $1,000 a day. One evidence of the size of Mr. Root's fees is his long retirement from active practice, which is conceded to be a costly luxury. Many statesmen have retired from public life because they couldn't afford it.

In contrast with these large compensations, Governor Hughes of New York State, obtained only $25,000 for his long, arduous and highly skilled labor as attorney in the insurance investigation, which, however, made him a national figure. In criminal cases, Delphin M. Delmas, the gilded orator of the Pacific Slope, probably made a record with his $50,000 fee for helping to defend Harry K. Thaw. Ex-Governor Frank S. Black of New York State is reputed to have obtained some large rewards for legal work. James M. Beck, formerly Assistant Attorney General of the United States, has gathered a few sizable plums in the corporation orchard.

Receiverships are generally profitable to the lawyers who act as receivers and counsel. Fees in six figures are not uncommon, and it is rare that a court sets aside the amount agreed upon among the attorneys, as happened in the receivership of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, when a judge held that a charge of more than $500,000 was excessive. More recently a sensation was created by a Brooklyn lawyer, who voluntarily turned back his share of a receivership fee on the ground that it was too much. It is said there was a movement to disbar this lawyer for unprofessional conduct and violation of legal ethics tending to lower the standard of living among practitioners. However, the fear that other attorneys might follow in his footsteps was not realized.

PRESIDENT'S LONELY LIFE.

Plain Common Folks Have a Better Time than the Nation's Chief.

After all, maybe it isn't so much fun to be the President of the United States. Perhaps there is more quiet, sociable satisfaction in being a non-commissioned officer in the great army of just common folks. There is almost of necessity a condition suggestive of loneliness attaching to every eminent, exclusive or unusual position in life. Whatever in the nature of wall or fence or social or official barrier serves to shut the crowd out, tends to shut the individual in. One cannot enjoy the honor and distinction of occupying a position above the level of the multitude and at the same time feel that sense of intimate sociability that comes of touching elbows with one's fellow beings. The normal, ordinary mortal does not particularly enjoy being too much in the presence of his superiors, especially if he is expected to make the attempt of presuming to meet them on the level.

And so it is that for every-day people to meet and enjoy the society of the highest executive officer of the United States of America requires more tact and less self-consciousness than those who have never tried it would be likely to imagine, the Christian Science Monitor says. Perhaps the feeling that is apt to possess one making such an attempt might be compared in a measure to the sensation one would experience in going for a stroll with a friend who was mounted on stilts. As a matter of fact, the President would, no doubt, gladly get down from his official stilts if it were possible for him to do so; but, try as he will, he is powerless in the matter. He may seek to make those about him believe that he is no taller than they are, but it counts little what he may say or do; they will persist in looking up to him. Perhaps there has never been an occupant of the White House who has come nearer to meeting the people on a common level than does President Taft. But those with whom he meets cannot forget that he is the first citizen of the great republic.

The President of the nation, whoever he may be, needs and deserves all the honest and disinterested friendliness that individuals and the public can give him.

VALUE OF FARM PRODUCTS.

Census Bureau's Statement Concerning Method of Ascertaining It.

Inquiries have been made of the Census Bureau whether farm products should be valued by farmers, in replying to census enumerators, at the general wholesale prices or at the actual prices obtained by the producer. It was pointed out by the inquirers that many farmers sell a proportion of their eggs for breeding, at much higher than the regular price. Others sell part or all of their milk, butter, and cream, at retail. Quite a number sell pure-bred live stock of various kinds at more or less fancy prices. The bureau's correspondents are of the opinion that if sales are quoted in this way in the census reports, the results might be somewhat uncertain as a basis for the average market prices.

Responding to these inquiries, Census Director Durand states that in forming its inquiries and instructions with reference to the value of domestic animals and fowls, the Census Bureau must necessarily follow the lines laid down in the law governing its action. That law requires the bureau to ascertain the number and value of animals and fowls. The value sought is not the value of some particular class of animals or fowls, but of all animals and fowls. It is the amount at which the animals and fowls can be sold. Good pure-blooded animals will sell for more, and thus have a greater value than the poor animals. Where there are many pure-blooded, the average will be higher than where the opposite condition of affairs prevails, but, as a matter of fact, the pure-blooded animals are so thoroughly distributed that they left no appreciable influence upon the average published by the twelfth census, except in the case of the young colts of the State of New Jersey.

No appreciable influence on the average price or value of eggs, milk or butter is observed in consequence of the practice mentioned by the inquirers. The high-priced eggs, milk, butter, etc., are found about as much in one part of the country as in another. The average which the census will publish is not that of a particular class of eggs, but of all eggs produced. It is the same for all animals, fowls and animal products. The relative number and value of the animals and products to which specific attention has been called does not exert, for the country as a whole or for many of the States, an influence sufficient to make the average published by the census materially different from the average market prices.

ARTIFICIAL SAPPHIRES APPEAR.

Dealers Say They Can't Tell the "Synthetic" Stones from Real.

Excitement was caused in the Maiden Lane district recently by the arrival of the first of the synthetic sapphires, made according to a new process, the discovery of which was announced several weeks ago from Paris, the New York Times says. Dealers say that the trade has not been so much agitated since the first synthetic rubies appeared in New York in 1893.

One of the dealers who received some of the stones said that, although he had been selling sapphires all his life he cannot see any difference between the synthetic product and the natural stones. He said that he had tried all ordinary tests on the new stones without finding the slightest difference between them and natural sapphires.

One dealer said the results would be disastrous to the trade if it proved impossible to distinguish between the natural and the artificial stones. This would mean that a vast amount of money now invested in sapphires, which have been selling at from $100 to $200 a carat, would be lost to the owners.

At the same time that the artificial sapphires reached New York there appeared in the wholesale markets a new variety of imitation made of an exceedingly hard and brilliant quality of glass. Warnings were at once sent out by wholesale dealers to test all stones with hydrofluoric acid, which quickly eats into and disfigures even the hardest glass. Maiden Lane was especially indignant because the glass imitations were offered under the name of synthetic sapphires in order to get prices much higher than they would be paid if they were sold for what they are.

What Might Have Been.

"It is said that Napoleon contemplated coming to America after Waterloo. Seems a pity that he could not perfect his plans.

"It does so. What a hit he would have made in vaudeville!"—Washington Herald.

When a youth begins to sow wild oats it is time for father to start the thrashing machine

WHEN ILL, DON'T EAT.

Much Virtue in Short Fasts and in Boycotting Breakfast.

My panacea for every ill to which my flesh is heir is fasting. I prefer short fasts, repeated frequently, says Elizabeth Towne in the Nautilus.

Twenty-four to fifty-six hours I would call a short fast.

Sixty hours is the longest I have ever gone without food.

If I had some specific disease to overcome I should certainly turn to long fasts as the cure.

I would begin by fasting for thirty-six hours once every week. Later I would take two or three days' fast once in a couple of weeks, repeating several times. After I had accustomed my system to this, so thoroughly that I would feel better when fasting than when eating regularly, I would start out on a long fast.

I would keep up this fast until my mouth watered for food. When this symptom came, I would eat again, beginning very moderately, and Fletcherizing to the limit.

After a few weeks I would start in again for a long fast, and keep it up until nature gave the signal for eating. This signal is always a real hunger, accompanied by watering of the mouth.

The ordinary run of people never feel real hunger—they don't know what it is like. Not until you have fasted a while does nature have a chance to teach you her really delightful signal for more grub. Try it!

William and I always remind me of Jack Spratt and his wife. One of us is thin and the other is not. I leave you to guess which.

But we both find fasting the only preventive and cure for all ills to which the sedentary one is heir.

By the way, I just heard of a very large woman who reduced her flesh thirty-five pounds in a few months by fasting from breakfast.

William and I have eaten no breakfast for more than ten years (excepting a very light and occasional one if we happened to be visiting). That makes about 3,650 breakfasts we have missed. I don't know what William would look like if he had eaten all those breakfasts, but I am sure that I should be weighing at least 250 by this time.

No breakfast is simply a short fast every day.

Here is my vote for the boycott on meat. William's, too.

And here is my vote for the boycott on breakfasts. William's, too—though I found some orange peel this morning alongside of the editorial he had been writing.

Why She Cried.

Miss Muriel Million was sitting alone,
With a very disconsolate air;
Her fluffy blue tea gown was fastened awry,
And frowsy and rumpled her hair.
"Oh, what is the matter?" I said, in alarm,
"I beg you in me to confide;"
But she buried her face in her kerchief of lace
And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

'Come out for a spin in the new motor-car,
The motor-boat waits at the pier;
Or let's take a drive in the sunshiny park
Or a canter on horseback, my dear."
'Twas thus that I coaxed her in lover-like tones
As I tenderly knelt at her side;
But, refusing all comfort, she pushed me away,
While she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Pray whisper, my darling, this terrible woe;
You know I would love you the same
If the millions of papa had vanished in smoke
And you hadn't a cent to your name.
If you came to the church in a garment of rags
I would wed you with rapturous pride."
She nestled her cheek to my shoulder at this,
Though she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"You know," she exclaimed, in a piteous wail,
"That love of a hat that I wore—
The one with pink roses and chiffon behind
And a fluffy pink feather before!—
I paid Madame Modiste a fiver for that,
And our parlor maid, Flora McBride,
Has got one just like it for fifteen-and-six!"
And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.
—Tit-Bits.

Fowl Fashion.

Dame Fashion now cries "Chantecler,"
And modistes all will boost her,
And so each hen, to be in style,
Will look just like a rooster.

Oh, woman, woman, hard thy lot,
Your troubles how they thicken,
For years men have called you "duck,"
Now must they call you "chicken"?
—Brooklyn Times.

Inspiring Credit.

"Why do you persist in having muddy boots?" inquired the fastidious friend.

"I'm disguising myself as a farmer," replied Mr. Biggins. "I want people to think that I am prosperous."—Washington Star.

Familiar Harbingers.

"Noticed any signs of spring as yet?"

"Yes; the robins have begun preliminary practice out our way, and a few early ball-players have been seen hopping around."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Got an Injunction.

"I call this the limit."

"How much?"

"A young cub has enjoined me from interfering with his attentions to my daughter."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

JOLLY JOKER

"Did you ever hear Gadby say anything particular about me?" "No; he never was particular what he said about you."—Stray Stories.

"Good heavens! What is the matter?" "The people on the second story have gone away and left their auto-piano playing."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mistress—Anna, you've been wearing my patent leather shoes again. Anna—So sorry, ma'am, but I always mistake them for my rubbers.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Willie—Ma, can't I go out on the street for a little while? Tommy Jones says there's a comet to be seen. Mother—Well, yes; but don't you go too near.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you give your wife an allowance?" "Yes." "How much do you allow her?" "Don't you think it is rather impertinent for you to ask what my salary is?"—Houston Post.

"But why do you put your friend's things in the dining room?" "Oh, he is so used to restaurants that he won't enjoy his dinner unless he can watch his hat and coat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Motorist—As it is my fault that you were upset, I will make good your damage at once. How much do you want? Victim—How much does the gracious gentleman usually pay?—Fliegende Blaetter.

Post Office Clerk—You've put two penny stamps on your letter. The postage is only one penny. Old Irishman—Sure, niver mind. My son's in the post office, so it'll all help towards his wages.—Tit-Bits.

"Died in poverty!" cried the philosopher, scornfully. "Died in poverty, did he, an' you expect me to sympathize? Gorstrooth, what is there in dying in poverty? I've got to live in it."—Sporting Times.

Hubby—I'm really quite proud of you. You've actually saved some money out of your allowance. Wife—Yes. It was so simple! I wish I had thought before to have things charged.—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Sweet—It is just the sort of engagement ring I preferred. None of my others were nearly so pretty. How thoughtful of you! George—Not at all, dear. This is the ring I have always used.—Kansas City Journal.

"Yes, I was fined $500 for putting coloring matter in artificial butter." "Well, didn't you deserve it?" "Perhaps. But what made me mad was that the judge who imposed the fine had dyed whiskers."—Cleveland Leader.

"She's going on the stage." "Is that so? She can't sing, and I never saw her act." "I know, but that's all she can do. Her husband deserted her, and she never learned to work at anything before she married."—Detroit Free Press.

"Please, ma'am," said the servant "there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs." "Why, Mary," answered the mistress, in a reproving tone, "what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Well, here I am," announced the fashionable physician in his breezy way. "And now what do you think is the matter with you?" "Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the fashionable patient. "What is new?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I am told that King Edward sends a daily message to his chef complimenting him on his dinner." "Yes," answered Mr. Crosslots, "we are all of one common humanity. Even a king has to go out of his way to jolly the cook."—Washington Star.

Visitor—It must be a gigantic task to run a great newspaper like yours. Editor—Not at all. It's the easiest thing in the world. Dozens of my friends as well as perfect strangers come in here every day to tell me how to run it.—Chicago Tribune.

Seymour—Why did you leave Flannigan's boarding house? Ashley—There was too much sleight-of-hand work going on. Seymour—Sleight-of-hand work? Ashley—Yes; Mrs. Flannigan got the coffee and the tea from the same pot.—Chicago News.

The Judge—Did you arrest this chauffeur for speeding? The Policeman—No, yer honor; I pulled 'im in fer obstructin' th' road; he was goin' thirty miles an hour, an' he was complained about by them that was riding at th' regular rate.—Chicago News.

Dying Plumber (to son)—You'll find I ain't bin able to leave you much money, Bill; it's all got to go to yer mother and sisters. But I've bequeathed you that there job at Mugley's we've bin at such a time. Don't 'urry over it, Bill, and it'll always keep you out of want, anyway.—Tit-Bits.

"Honey, I can't find a retraction of that story about your sister's elopement with the Chinese cook after poisoning her husband and forging her father's name to a $50,000 check! Where did you see it?" "It's inside, my dear, next to the 'Lost and Found' column, and about the size of a pure food label."—Life.

"John—John," whispered Mrs. Gidgely, nudging her husband. "What is it?" he sleepily asked. "There's a burglar in the house." "What do you want me to do—get up and run the risk of being killed?" "No; but if you find in the morning that somebody has gone through your pockets, don't blame me."—Chicago Record-He

BETTER TO WEAR OUT

Man Who Retires With Ample Fortune and Allows Himself to Rust Out.

ENTERS A LIFE OF MISERY.

Loses His Hold Upon the Social and Business World and Rapidly Goes Down Hill.

The average young man makes up his mind that at 50 or 60 years of age he will retire and take things easy for the rest of his days, says a writer in the Dundee Courier. The average young man makes a great mistake. It is far beter to wear out than to rust out. To the young man work is a drudge, a necessity to keep him alive. In middle age work is an accepted thing, and we are used to it, and feel rather the better for having occupation. In old age work is a necessity to keep the mind and body young. There is scarcely a more miserable spectacle than the man of 50 or 60 who has retired with ample fortune. He loafs around the house. Goes from one club to another. Gets lonely. Feels blue. He tries to kill time in the day looking forward to the meeting of his cronies in the evening. The cronies are busy in the daytime and they have engagements and pleasures in the evening, so that our retired friend seems to be in the way. He finds that the anticipation of retirement was a pleasure, and that the realizations is a keen disappointment.

"There is nothing," says Carnegie, "absolutely nothing in money beyond a competience." When one has enough money to buy things for the home, for his family comfort and enjovment, when he has sufficient income to take care of himself and family, surplus dollars do not mean much.

The business man should prepare for his future so that if ill health overtakes him he may have the wherewith to surround himself with comforts, travel and the best of care. The man who enjoys pleasures of the home and friends, who trains up young blood to take hold of the business, who travels and enjoys himself as he goes along has the right idea. We must learn to enjoy life now instead of waiting for to-morrow, for to-morrow may never come. The man who cashes in, puts his money in bonds and retires from all work goes down hill quickly and feels he is of no use in the world.

The farmer who moves in town to live on his income is a sorry individual unless he has a garden and chickens, or buys and sells farms, or occupies his time with work of some kind. The retired, non-working farmer who has moved to town gets up in the morning, goes to see the train come in, whittles a stick, loafs at the hotel or store, goes to the next train, talks of his rheumatism, goes to bed at 8 o'clock, and the next day goes through the same circle. Occupation is the plan of nature to keep man happy, so when you have all the money you need have some occupation or hobby to occupy your time. The man who retires from any active work is merely counting the days until he dies.

When old age comes, and your body or brain won't let you do or care for as much as you could in your younger days, then get lighter work or lighter cares.

Keep busy, if it is only raising chickens or gardening, or studying astronomy or botany. Keep at it as long as you can. Die in the harness instead of fading slowly away. Cultivate the reading habit in your younger days that it may be a pleasant occupation when your legs and hands grow feeble with age. When you quit work or occupation of some sort then life has no beauty for you.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

There Are Four Reasons for Opposition to Parcels Post.

What is the answer? There isn't any one answer; but the parcels post is one of several answers, Collier's says. Everybody knows now the old story. When John Wanamaker was postmaster-general, some one asked him why he didn't have a parcels post like every other civilized country? He said there are four reasons: The first is the Wells-Fargo Express Company, the second is the American Express Company, the third is the Adams Express Company, the fourth is the United States Express Company. Every once in a while our consuls in Europe write to our government telling how the parcels post works in Europe. In Senator Platt's day (Senator Platt was once the president of the United States Express Company) he used to have such reports withdrawn from the public. Here is a recent one from H. S. Culver, United States consul at Cork, Ireland. This report was printed in the "Rural New Yorker":

"Farmers, merchants and manufacturers patronize extensively these means of communication between the markets and the isolated individual customer. The rates by parcels-post are 6 cents for one pound or less, 8 cents from one to two pounds, and 2 cents additional for each pound up to eleven—the weight limit of parcels. The length of parcel allowed is three feet six inches, and the greatest length and girth combined is six feet. For example, a parcel measuring three feet six inches in its longest dimension may measure two feet six inches in girth. Eggs, fish, meat, fruit, vegetables, glass, crockery, liquids, butter, cheese, etc., may be transported by parcels-post."

If we had the parcels-post in this country the farmer could ship one or five or ten pounds of butter, or a few dozen eggs, or a peck of potatoes, or a basket of apples, to his individual customer in the city, and avoid the middleman. Fishermen in the north of Scotland send fresh fish to the London market this way. Also, if we had the parcels-post system in this country, the express companies would quickly reduce their rates and stop paying 800 per cent dividends.

Hugo and the Barber.

When Victor Hugo lived in Paris in the Palais Royal he used to be shaved by a barber named Brassier. A friend of the poet asked the barber one day if he was busy. "I hardly know which way to turn," was the reply. "We have to dress the hair of thirty ladies for soirees and balls." And M. Brassier showed the list to his friend. A few days after the friend returned and inquired about the thirty ladies. "Ah, monsieur," said the barber, sadly, "I was not able to attend half the number, and I have lost many good customers through M. Victor Hugo." It appears that the poet when about to be shaved was suddenly inspired and seized the first piece of paper he could find to write a poem. Hugo hastily left the shop with his unfinished verses, on the back of which were the names and addresses of the thirty ladies, many of whom waited in vain for their coiffeur.

Science and Invention

The third municipal census of Buenos Ayres, now being compiled, is expected to give that city a population of at least 1,285,000.

Brass may be given a color resembling pewter by boiling it in a cream of tartar solution containing a small amount of chloride of tin.

New York is experimenting with street cars driven by electric motors which get their power from gas engines mounted below the floors of the cars.

Though blessed with the most fertile soil and most favorable climate in the world, the United States produces less wheat per acre planted than England, Germany, or Holland.

A model electric engine, built by Thomas Davenport, a poor blacksmith of Brandon, Vt., and operated on a small circular track in 1834, probably was the first electric railway in the world.

A bit of primeval yew forest about half a mile square is carefuly preserved in the Bavarian highlands of Germany, the tree, once widely distributed, having become almost extinct in Europe.

The amount of fertilizing matter brought down by the River Nile from its source every year is estimated at 100,000,000 tons— enough to cover a road from the earth to the moon sixteen feet wide by two and one-half inches deep.

The Bell Telephone Company is to adopt in New York the plan developed by independent companies in Buffalo of attaching pay-station telephone-boxes to street poles, after the model of police call-boxes. It is said that little inconvenience is caused by the roar of traffic in the street, because the head of the operator can be introduced into the box so as practically to shut out the extraneous noises.

During 1908 Peru and Panama officially adopted the world system of standard time based on the meridian of Greenwich, and it is expected that in consonance with a resolution of the Pan-American Scientific Congress the Latin-American countries generally will adopt this system. It was the expressed wish of the congress that the new system should become effective from Jan. 1, 1910. Time signals upon this system are now sent out without cost by cable and wireless telegraphy throughout the American continent. The whole globe is divided into hourly belts, starting from the meridian of Greenwich.

The chairman of the chemistry section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Louis Kahlenberg, dwelt, at the recent Boston meeting, on the importance of recognizing that solutions are really chemical in character, and that there is no wide gulf separating the act of solution from other chemical phenomena. Benjamin Silliman, Sr., in 1837, regarded solutions as chemical compounds, and the chemical view predominated until 1887. Professor Kahlenberg thinks that the renewed study of solutions from the chemical point of view will greatly aid in getting a broader and more correct conception of the nature of chemical action itself it will be of particular service in unraveling questions in physiology.

Funeral Baked Meats.

The Customer—Hi, waiter! What do you mean on the menu by "Brown Soup," "Jonesed Eggs" and "Harrised Mutton?"

The Waiter—Well, sir, you see, sir, we often give dishes names of our clients who die after bein' reg'lar customers here.—The Sketch.

Men are too willing to go to law. Remember that when a lawyer advises you to go to law, it is not his funeral.

A woman who tries to convince a man that he knows more than she does is both clever and dangerous.

COST OF LIVING IN 1851.

Some Things Were Higher, but Most of Them Lower than at Present.

An old memorandum book, in which some interesting prices are recorded, has just been brought to light by the Brooklyn Eagle. The prices afford a basis for comparison; and as one reads them one begins to believe what the old people say—that former times were indeed better than these.

The woman who kept this account book paid, to be sure, in 1851, three dollars and twenty-five cents to go from Westfield, Mass., to New York, and three dollars more to go from New York to Philadelphia, but she paid only twenty-eight cents a dozen for her washing—beautifully ironed and brought to her door—and ten dollars a month for her board, and it was good, too.

She had her daguerreotype taken, a single picture, and paid one dollar and a half for it. We can improve on that price now. She bought a pair of shoes for one dollar and twenty-five cents, and had a dress cut for thirty-seven and a half cents.

The accounts bristle with half and quarter cents. Things cost sometimes a "fip," sometimes a "levy." The former was six and a quarter cents, the latter twelve and a half cents.

She bought a pair of rubbers for eighty seven and a half cents, and wrote them down as "gums." For her pew rent at church she paid sixty-six and two-thirds cents. Her gown was made of "debage," "delaine" and "mull," and she paid one dollar and seventy-five cents for the fitting and making of one. She paid the exorbitant price of two dollars and twenty-five cents for a pair of congress gaiters.

For teaching school eleven weeks this woman received eighty-two dollars. She has a tooth drawn and pays twenty-five cents—this was before the days of anesthetics.

We find an entry, "wafers," and we remember that there were no envelopes in those days, and that all letters were simply folded and then stuck together with red wafers. Perhaps you may remember that your grandfather kept a box of them on his desk, close beside the sand-sprinkler with which he blotted his letters.

What we call the cachou dates back a long way. This lady of the accounts was buying cachous in 1851. They are small lozenges, with no other purpose, so far as is generally known, than to promote the fragrance of the breath.

She burned in her lamp "fluid"—a highly inflammable oil which preceded the safer kerosene.

DESERT AS A RESORT.

Camping in California Oasis as Enjoyable as the Sea Shore.

A desert sounds like a strange place in which to camp for pleasure, but Charles Francis Saunders and his wife spent several enjoyable weeks on one part of our great western desert. Mr. Saunders says:

"To the newcomer on the desert usually the first cause of surprise is the variety of its scenery. One habitually thinks of it as a flat, verdureless, monotonous expanse. In reality our western deserts present within comparatively small areas the greatest diversity of topography—mountain chains and foothills, valleys and arroyos (dry, of course, except for a few hours after some heavy storm in the mountains), sandy flats and rolling plains bowlder-piled or dotted with green bushes set about in places like shrubbery in an artificial park.

"Spring is the most enjoyable time of the year for the desert camp—late April or May for the elevated Mojave region, March or even earlier for the more southern, low-lying Colorado desert of California. The mornings, evenings and nights are then superb—cool and bracing and more of heaven than of earth; the mid-days are hot in the sun and made for siestas in the shadow of great rocks or on the shady outside of a tent. The inside of the tent is usually unendurable during the middle of the day, the temperature there rising higher than in the full sunshine."

Mr. Saunders' German guide, "Dutch Jake," has become so fond of the desert that, in taking leave of his "tenderfoot" friends at the end of their camping trip, he says:

"New York? Humph"—he says in his rough way—"Yes, I haf been in New York, unt made von fool of mineself. No, no, Mister, I takes my bunch of burrows, unt some beans and bacon in de saddle bags unt always vater in the canteen, unt I shtay in de desert. It's healt'y here unt dere ain't nobody vot robs you, unt I knows places vere a man can find yet lots of mineral. Me for der desert, Mister; fools shtays in New York."—Recreation Magazine.

As to Thermometers.

Neither the mercury or the alcohol thermometer is good for measuring extreme temperatures because of their freezing and boiling points. Mercury freezes at 39 degrees centigrade, below zero. Alcohol freezes at 130 degrees centigrade, below zero. They cannot be used in measuring high temperatures because of their low boiling points.

He Got It.

Eva—As we strolled along he wagered a box of chocolates that I couldn't say the word "kiss."

Belinda—And did you try?

Eva—Yes, but he took the word from my very lips.

A good many people who speak respectfully of the dead forget it by the time the will goes to probate.

About the only thing a man notices in new spring goods is negligee shirts.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

AS TO THE KIND OF A WIFE.

A PREACHER by the name of Coburn, holdforth in a Presbyterian church in Pittsburg, seems to be fathering a dangerous doctrine when he says that "any kind of a wife for a young man is better than none." Thoughtful people would think twice before subscribing to it. Any kind of a wife is no kind of a wife if she is not a proper help-meet. It is the haste with which a great many young men go about getting "any kind of a wife" that leads so many of them into the divorce court. Still the worthy man of cloth was not very far wrong on some other things he said of matrimony. Here is a partial report of his reply to the excuse of a young man that he could not afford to marry:

No, you cannot afford a wife, but you can go to the theater and club. You are too selfish to make any woman happy, and no good woman can afford to be betrothed to you. The bachelors are not saving money, but a good wife pays her own way and they are the best banks and the best police force, for no handcuffs can hold a young man like apron strings. Any kind of a wife is better than none, and a scarcity of weddings is one of the most dangerous signs of the times. Today 1,000,000 young women are filling clerical positions at low salaries, which were filled by men thirty years ago. Every young man ought to be compelled by law to get married or pay to the State annually what it would cost to keep a wife.

Annual forfeiture of the cost of keeping a wife may be all right, but how would the amount be fixed? The parson's idea might be amended, with advantage in many cases, by making the tax or forfeiture a sum equivalent to the annual cost of the bachelor's drinks and cigars.—Sacramento Bee.

THE CENSUS AND THE WITNESS.

WHAT percentage of the census statistics will be valueless because of the great American proneness to boast? We wish some one would figure this out and give us a formula which, when applied to the government reports, will permit the student to arrive at exact facts.

Consider some of these questions: How old are you? It is the custom to joke about the objection of women to stating their age. If the truth were known it would probably be found that most men will subtract a few years, particularly if they, themselves, are shifting into that period known as middle-aged. Are you single, or married? Old maids who have not ceased to struggle, as the Georgians express it, may let imagination rule them if the enumerators are strangers, and there are men who will "decline to answer on the advice of attorney." What is your occupation? The temptation to let fancy sweep skyward will be great, indeed, to Americans. Are you employed or employer? That weakness for boasting will get the better of thousands at this point. Do you own or rent your home? Desire may give the answer. Any mortgage? It is unpleasant to talk about things of this sort. How easy to say no, lest the next question be, how much?—Toledo Blade.

CRIME IS CRIME—NOT DISEASE.

PER million of population, the number of felonious homicides in 1909 was as follows: In Canada, 3; Germany, 5; England, 11; France, 13; Belgium, the most criminal country in Europe, 15; in the United States, 129.

Owing to lax enforcement of law, and the mistaken policy of giving the criminal too many chances for escaping the penalty of his crime, only one out of seventy-four murderers in the United States is convicted.

Political and personal influence and the maudlin sentiment that regards crime as disease and a murderer as a sick man to be cured, instead of a dangerous beast to be exterminated, permit the average man killer in America to escape with seven years in prison.

Crime is crime. The murderer is a murderer. The sooner American prisons cease to be pleasant sanitariums for mental abnormals and become institutions for punishment of criminals by hard work and rigid discipline, the better for our national reputation.—Chicago Journal.

FIGHT THE HOUSE FLY.

WHEN the common housefly begins to thrive in the land it behooves every good housekeeper to make preparations to war on these little pests. Typhoid and many other diseases are distributed by flies, which pick up large assortments of dangerous germs in dirty places and carry them into houses and stores, depositing them frequently upon food, by which they are taken into the human stomach. See that windows are properly screened. Provide a receptacle where bread, meat, milk and other foods are protected from flies. See that filth does not accumulate about your premises. Interest yourself in keeping alleys and streets clean. You can thus perform valuable service, not only for your own family, but for the community.—Chicago Journal.

"WELL, AS I WAS SAYING."

John took the seat behind his friend, Miss Wilson, in the trolley car. He wore a bored expression, and after a few casual remarks on the weather, the cause of his disgust was revealed. "When women have a thing to say," he began, "why can't they say it and get done? More physical and moral force is wasted in the reiteration of feminine conversation than could be used up in a long time of effectual action. Women's conversation consists largely of circular buzz-saws with nothing to work on. My wife has a sister staying with her." His friend saw there was something coming and listened patiently.

"This morning she mislaid some letters she had intended to give me to post. You wouldn't think it would take long to tell about such a circumstance, now would you?"

"Why, no," said Miss Wilson.

"Well, it took all breakfast time. She began when she came to the table. Said she:

"'I had two letters and a postal card which I thought John would post for me on his way down town. I stamped the letters and laid them between the leaves of a magazine—there were two letters and a postal card—and I laid the book on the stairs, thinking I would give the letters and the card to John, so he might mail them on his way down town, and I can't find them anywhere. I've hunted high and low, and I can't imagine what has become of them.

"'There were two letters—all stamped—and a postal card, and I remember laying them right between the leaves of the book, and putting it on the stairs, so that it would be handy to give to John, for I was very particular that they should go this morning, and I knew he would just as soon post them on his way down town.

"'I can't think where they have disappeared to, for I remember distinctly placing them in the book—two letters and a postal—and saying to myself—' and so on.

"Well, that went on and on, and round and round, without getting anywhere, and the last thing I heard as I shut the front door was, 'Two letters all stamped, and a postal card.' Do you wonder I'm tired with that for breakfast?"

Just then a masculine voice asserted itself from the seat behind. One man was relating something to another so emphatically that there was nothing to do but listen.

"Sca't? Well, I guess I was sca't. I never was so sca't in my life. I ain't usually sca't of thunder—been lots of times right out in the open when it was thundering and lightning hard, and ain't minded it at all, but this time I was sca't most to death.

"You see, our house sets something like that one out there, not very far from the next one. Well, we were all sitting out on the front porch in the evening, and I was sitting on the step near the walk; the others were sitting back, but I was on the lower step near the walk, see?

"Well, we were sitting there, and all of a sudden there came this thunder and lightning.

"It was fierce! The lightning just filled in all that space between the houses—they're set near together, you know—and I thought I was struck for sure. It seemed to come right down all around me—you see I was sitting right on the step—and I thought sure I was struck. It seemed to kind of make me numb.

"I never was so sca't in my life. You see the others were further back, but I was right out on the lower step, and the lightning seemed to come right down between the two houses.

"Well, when I could think, I looked at my wife. She was sitting back on the porch by the door, quite a ways from me, because I was on the step, but she was white as chalk. I never see any one so white in my life before.

"She was so sca't; and I was so sca't to see her so white—why, she didn't have a mite of color.

"Well, I tell you, I never minded thunder storms before, but that time I was sca't. You see, I was sitting—"

Here the car stopped and the two friends got out. John was gazing out of the window in an absorbed fashion. For some little time nothing was said; but Miss Wilson, being a woman, took advantage of her prerogative.

"Speaking about buzz-saws—"

"Excuse me," said John, hurriedly, "I get out here."—Youth's Companion.

CZAR'S EARLY LOVE.

After Stormy Scene Infatuation for Beautiful Jewess Broken Off.

A story of the Czar's early life, which has long been known to certain members of the Russian court, has recently been published. It is the history of a love affair of his youth from which it is said he never really recovered and for the breaking of which he has never altogether forgiven his mother.

The girl concerned in the story was of Jewish descent and the daughter of a government contractor, a New York Sun correspondent says. Her name was Rajssa Kagan. At the age of 17 she was celebrated as a beauty and courted by some of the highest in the land, including the Grand Duke Paul, uncle of the present Czar Nicholas. The Grand Duke on one occasion took his nephew to one of the lady's receptions, and no sooner did the lad see her than he fell violently in love with her. She reciprocated the sentiment and that same evening they met by appointment in the conservatory of her father's house and he declared his passion and swore he never would marry anyone else.

At about this time Marie Feodorovna, the Empress, was trying to get a suitable bride for the future Czar, and her choice fell upon Princess Alice of Hesse. The young man refused to hear of the match, saying his troth already was plighted. A stormy interview between the Czar and his son followed, as a result of which, alarmed at the turn affairs had taken, the lad agreed to respect his father's wishes, his last remonstrances being silenced by the threat that if the affair were not immediately dropped the contractor and his daughter would be sent to Siberia in exile.

When news of what had happened reached the young Jewess she made a desperate attempt to commit suicide, but was saved. Hearing of this, the young man hurried to her house and a heartrending scene ensued, the girl again attemping to kill herself. After another violent quarrel with the Czar Prince Nicholas finally agreed to travel for a year on the condition that during his absence no steps should be taken in the matter of his love affair. Scarcely had he left Russia, however, when a compact was entered into through the management of the Empress by which the contractor agreed to marry his daughter to a certain state official of importance, and when the unhappy Prince returned the wedding had taken place. His marriage with Princess Alice was celebrated some little time afterward.

The Glove of Welcome.

A picture in a recent publication shows the window of a public building, from which protrudes a pole bearing a stuffed glove on its end. The illustration portrays a custom of an old English town which dates from remote times. F. J. Snell tells about it in "Memories of Old Devonshire."

Barnstaple Fair is still an important occasion, although its old glory has departed. It lasts for three days, and in former times as much as twenty thousand pounds were expended in the purchase of cattle. A great stag hunt is one of the features of the occasion.

The fair opens with a quaint ceremony. The mayor of Barnstaple provides a feast in the gildhall, and mulled ale, toast and cheese are served in the old civic plate. Then a large stuffed glove is shown above the door of the gildhall, as a sign of welcome extended to all visitors. While this glove is displayed no arrests can be made in the town.

In the old town accounts may be found such records as this:

"1615: Paide for glove to put out at Faire—4d."

For centuries Barnstaple Fair has been famous throughout all Devon and beyond, and its glories have passed into songs and ballads.

Search the towns all round, there's nothing can compare, miss,
In measurement and merriment, with Barnstaple Fair, miss.
Then sing of Barum, merrytown, and Barum's merry mayor, too,
I know no place in all the world old Barum to compare to!

The Crank.

The complete crank is a kind of collector of causes, and it is difficult to discover the principle upon which he collects them. A new religion and under-clothing and some insipid kind of diet are all the same to him, and he advocates them all with equal earnestness. He wants men to change their lives in every particular and protests against all the ordinary usages of the world both in great and in small things. He does not believe that there is any instinctive wisdom in mankind or any value in past tradition and experience. For him wisdom has only just appeared among men, and she has revealed herself to very few.—London Times.

Defeating the Ends of Sport.

Policeman—Stop thief! Arrest him! Stop him!

Athletic Crank—Stop him! I guess not! Why, he's breaking the hundred-yard record into bits!—Puck

When a married man is an advocate of equal suffrage, it is better proof that he is henpecked than that he loves his wife

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1910.

ROOSEVELT RECEIVES WARM WELCOME FROM PARISIANS

French President and People Show Him Unusual Honors.

Paris.—No reigning sovereign ever received a more enthusiastic welcome to Paris than did Theodore Roosevelt. He was greeted by the representatives of the French President and Cabinet, Ambassador Bacon, M. Jusserand, French Ambassador at Washington, and a great concourse of people.

After luncheon at the American Embassy Roosevelt called upon President Fallieres and Foreign Minister Pinchon, who immediately paid return visits to the Embassy. Part of the afternoon was devoted to private engagements and in the evening Roosevelt was given an ovation at the Comedie Francaise, where he made his first real public appearance in Paris, occupying the presidential box placed at his disposal by M. Fallieres.

When Colonel Roosevelt entered the theater, accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel and Kermit, and by Ambassador and Mrs. Bacon, the audience rose, volleys of applause bursting from the boxes, pit and galleries. For a full minute the colonel made no response, but as the demonstration continued he came forward and bowed his acknowledgments. The bill was Sophocles' Greek tragedy, "Oedipus," staged and acted as possible only at a French national theater, and Roosevelt seemed to enjoy it hugely.

At the end of each act, when Minnet-Sully, who played the title role, and the other performers responded they advanced, as is customary when royalty is present, bowing profoundly in the direction of the former President before turning to the audience.

The Temps tonight fairly reflects the tone of the entire French press, declaring that Roosevelt's tour of Europe was unparalleled in history. "No democratic chief of state," the paper says, "ever before enjoyed such popularity. We are accustomed to formal visits of kings and presidents, but Roosevelt is no longer president. It is the man, therefore, not the office, which is being honored. It is his vigor, his personality, his character, ideas and temperament which appeal to European opinion."

Portuguese Cruiser Welcomed.

San Francisco.—For the first time in the history of this port a Portuguese warship has come to pay the respects of King Manuel to his numerous countrymen in this neighborhood and to his American friends. The San Gabriel, cruiser of the third class, received one of the heartiest receptions ever given a man-of-war. The steamer George W. Elder, bedecked with flags and carrying a large crowd of Portuguese-Americans, met the warship near the Golden Gate and led the way up the bay, and a fleet of tugs and launches bearing lively crowds accompanied the visitor to her anchorage, with bands playing and flags flying.

Will Exhibit Flying Machines.

New York.—Prof. J. J. Montgomery of Santa Clara county, Cal., who is spending several days at the Hotel Plaza, said that he had shipped four flying machines east to be equipped with motors for exhibition purposes. One of his missions here is to select suitable engines for his aeroplanes. Professor Montgomery says he will operate his machines under patents applied for in 1905, which in no way infringe on the Wright patent.

Captive Balloon Falls.

Sacramento.—Four passengers, three of them women, and an aeronaut had a thrilling escape from death when a captive balloon operated in Oak Park was torn to pieces by a high wind and the huge basket and occupants fell to the ground from a height of 200 feet. An unknown man and wife were seriously injured and two girls, Norma Riddle and Flora Fiower, and the aeronaut, Earl Wayne, were bruised.

WORLD'S NEWS PRESENTED IN BRIEF ITEMS

Events of Both Hemispheres Compiled in Pithy Form For Busy Readers.

Here You Will Find a Resume of Happenings in Almost Every Part of the Earth.

El Paso, Tex.—Wm. Pool, alias "Snake" Pool, was sentenced to two years in the Federal prison by Judge Maxey. He was the leader of a gang of opium smugglers on the Mexican border.

Chicago.—At Zion City, Wilbur Glenn Voliva, successor to the late John Alexander Dowie, last week won back most of the power he lost at the election a year ago. Voliva elected three aldermen and a police magistrate, all the offices voted on.

Moscow.—Several nights ago a diamond ornament was stolen from the great image of the Virgin in the Uspenski Cathedral in the Kremlin, and many precious stones were cut off the frames of the pictures of the Saints. The total value of the loot is estimated at $500,000.

New York.—Edward M. Field, son of Cyrus W. Field of Atlantic cable fame, is in Bellevue hospital, penniless and suffering from nephritis. He was taken to the institution by a salvation army attache. Edward M. Field was at one time a rich man, having inherited a large amount from his father.

Frankfort, Ky.—The franchise assessment of the Southern Pacific company, in which there are a number of Pacific Coast millionaires interested and which holds an exclusive charter under the laws of this State, was reduced from $19,000,000 to $5,000,000, which is 1 1-3 per cent of the entire capital stock.

Paris.—Before the Academy of Science Eugene Batailon, professor of biology at the University of Dijon, announced that he had succeeded in developing two tadpoles by producing traumatism in a frog's egg with a platinum wire. The experiment constitutes a most important advance in the phenomenon of parthenogenesis.

New York.—Scores of women participated in disorder at the mills of the American Cordage Manufacturing Company in Williamsburg, where a strike is in progress. They attacked strikers on a bridge near the mills and some of the combatants were thrown into the shallow creek. The police quelled the trouble after making 50 arrests.

Philadelphia.—The strike of motormen and conductors of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company is now merely an unpleasant memory. All misunderstanding regarding the terms of settlement has been removed and the strikers have returned to work in obedience to an order issued by the executive committee of the Carmen's Union.

Globe, A. T.—Leaving his bride behind, George Castignetto, a member of the Italian colony, left for Italy to spend his honeymoon alone. Castignetto had planned a visit to his boyhood home for some time, but in the meantime he fell in love with Louise Bonnino and she consented to marry him. But she knew nothing of his plans until he announced them following the wedding.

Peking.—The lawlessness of the natives, which began at Changsha, the capital of Hunan province, is reported to be spreading. Advices here state that riots have occurred at Ninsiang, the site of a Protestant missoin, about thirty miles west of Changsha. A mission school at Yi Yang, 20 miles north of Ninsiang, has been burned. The foreigners are said to have escaped without harm.

Rochester, N. Y.—More than 16,000 voters of Monroe county changed from the Republican to the Democratic column and elected the first Democratic Congressman that has represented the Thirty-second district in twenty years. James S. Havens, a Democrat, running on a tariff reform platform, defeated George W. Eldridge, for a score of years the ruler of the Republican organization, by 5900 votes.

Milwaukee, Wis.—The government of the city of Milwaukee, which for more than a decade, with the exception of two years under Republicna rule, has been controlled by the Democratic party, passed last week into the hands of the Social Democrats, with Mayor Emil Seidel as their leader. Mayor Seidel has back of him 21 members of his party to enact into law all the measures not in conflict with the city charter which he may advocate during the next two years. The minority consists of ten Democrats and four Republicans

DAUGHTER'S DEATH SEEMED TO BREAK TWAIN'S HEART

Grief for His Favorite Child Capped Long Series of Misfortunes.

Redding, Conn.—Mark Twain, beloved the world over because he made it laugh, is dead.

He expired without pain at his country home in Stormfield, back in the wild Tamarack hills.

For five hours he had been unconscious, and the end was almost unnoticeable. It was merely a cessation of pulse and respiration.

At his bedside were his only living child, Clara, who is the wife of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist; Albert Bigelow Paine, his secretary and literary executor, who was almost a son to him; two physicians and his servants.

When his only unmarried daughter, Jean, was drowned in her bath during an attack of epilepsy just before Christmas, his nearest remaining tie was severed. He was a lone, sorrow-stricken man. After the passing of his friends, William Laffan of the New York Sun and Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century, he said sadly: "How fortunate they are! No good fortune of that kind comes to me."

California always regarded Mark Twain as one of her own sons, for it was here that he wrote his first books and established his fame forty years ago as America's foremost humorist. It was in San Francisco that Twain collected and revised the letters he had written and published in the old "Alta California," while on an excursion tour of Southern Europe and the Holy Land. The result was "Innocents Abroad"—and fame for its author.

Twain had already written a story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras," while in San Francisco, and while it fell short of making him famous, it started him upon his career as an author.

Twain followed "The Jumping Frog" with book after book. In the forty years of his career as an author he published no fewer than twenty-six books, many of which have long since been accepted as classics in American literature.

Some of the Smith Family.

Oakland.—William Smith, a laborer, while under the influence of liquor, fell on the sidewalk, cutting a gash in his chin. He was arrested by Policeman Dolan, turned over to Wagon Officer W. H. Smith, taken to the receiving hospital where he was treated by Dr. A. C. Smith, and then taken into the police court, where he pleaded guilty and was allowed to go his way by Judge Mortimer Smith, a brother of Dr. A. C. Smith. He was met in the city hall corridor by Mrs. Smith, whose maiden name was Smith, and was given a talking to which may cause him to mend his ways.

An Expensive Patient.

Santa Barbara.—That it costs $5000 a month to maintain Riven Rock in Montecito as the private sanatorium of Stanley McCormick, the incompetent son of the late Cyrus McCormick of reaper fame is revealed in the first annual report of his guardians to the Superior Court. When these guardians, Katherine Dexter McCormick, his wife, now of Boston, and Henry B. Favill and Cyrus Bentley of Chicago were appointed last April they were allowed $3000 a month, but they find this sum insufficient. They ask the court to increase the allowance to $5000 a month.

Bandits Hold Up Gamblers.

Park City, Utah.—Two armed but unmasked highwaymen boldly entered the Oak saloon, on Main street, and lined the 20 occupants of the saloon up in the back room, tapped the faro bank and roulette game, from which they procured $500 in gold and silver, and made good their escape. While one of the robbers stood guard over the men, the other raked the money from the gaming tables into sacks which he carried.

No Firecrackers in Hayward.

Hayward.—City Attorney Grey was instructed by the board of trustees to draw up an ordinance prohibiting the use of all firecrackers and fireworks on the Fourth of July within the city limits, with the exception of the official fireworks display. It was the unanimous opinion of the members of the board that the celebration of the Nation's birthday should be a sane one, devoid of accidents and tragedies.

Quiet Election in Guatemala.

New York.—Manuel Estrada Cabrera was re-elected President of Guatemala in the elections last week, according to a Government cable message received at the Guatemalan consulate in this city. The election was tranquil and Senor Cabrera was chosen by an "overwhelming majority," the dispatch states.

NEWS OF WEEK FROM ALL THE COAST STATES

Occurrences Along the Pacific Slope Presented in Compendious Array.

Passing Events Among Your Neighbors Briefly Told in Short, Newsy Paragraphs.

Berkeley.—The Berkeley city council passed an ordinance to print prohibiting the sale and discharging of fire crackers within this city.

Angels Camp.—While loading a round of holes in the Gold Cliff mine George Vaucerovich was literaly torn to pieces by the explosion of dynamite he was handling.

Saramento.—The first box of 1910 cherries to be shipped from California was sold in Chicago for $50, which was a rate of $5 a pound. The fruit was picked from the orchard of J. H. Smith of Vacaville.

San Francisco.—The coroner's jury in the case of G. F. Collins, the military prisoner who was shot while attempting to escape from the Government dock at Folsom street, recommended that investigation be held by civil and military authorities.

Santa Rosa.—Kenneth Scudder, son of a prominent Petaluma minister, who was the subject of an operation to relieve him of criminal tendencies, is again in trouble. Scudder entered a residence at Sonora with intent to steal. He will be taken to Ione.

San Diego.—Adolph L. Schonek, whom the police believe to be the man who terrorized the city recently by setting fire to a dozen buildings, has been held by Justice Thorp for trial in the Superior Court. His bail was fixed at $7500 and in default of it he remains in the county jail.

Tacoma, Wash.—The halibut fleet of Tacoma and Seattle, comprisng about forty schooners are coming in from the hallbut fisheres of southern Alaska. Their aggregate catch amounting to hundreds of tons, will approximate $500,000 in value. The greater portion will be shipped to the eastern and southern cities in refrigerator cars.

Seattle.—Herschel Parker's Mount McKinley expedition will sail from Seattle for Mount McKinley May 5. The expedition will pay especial attention to verification or disproof of Dr. Frederick A. Cook's story of the ascent of the mountain, a matter which was only incidentaly looked into by the Fairbanks expedition that made the ascent on April 3.

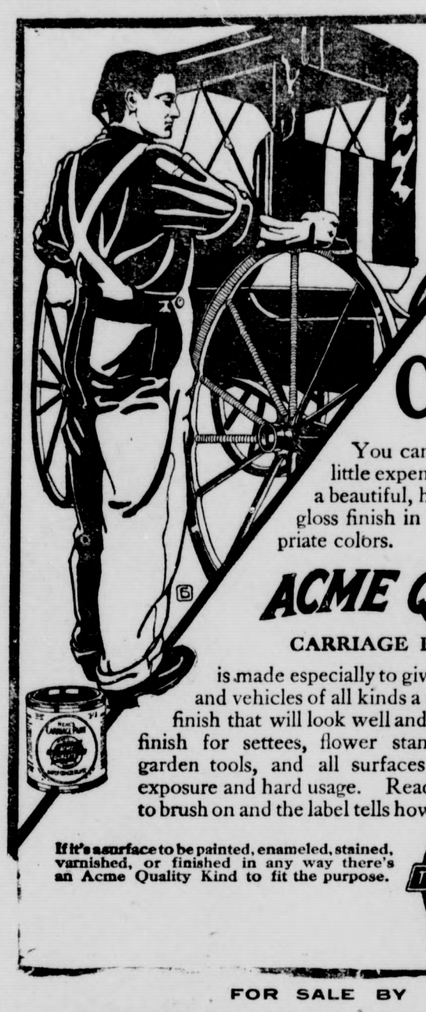
Victoria, B. C.—Japanese sealers reaching Vancouver report that motor boats are being used for seal hunting this year by some of the forty vessels sent from Japan to Behring sea. Internationl sealing regulations provide that only sail craft may be used for pelagic sealing, but Japan is not a party to the treaty and maintains that the regulations do not apply.

San Diego.—Mrs. Amanda Hamilton, former wife of J. W. Hamilton, a well known tobacco dealer of San Diego, has arrived here from South Haven, Conn., after a separation lasting 17 years, and a marriage license for the couple to renew has been issued. The couple were accompanied to the office of the county clerk by their two children, one of whom is nearly of age.

Lodi.—The arrival of a son at the home of Leland Woodson makes the fifth generation of a long-lived race of people that is creating much comment in the northern part of the county. The oldest of the five generations is Great-great-grand mother Mrs. Maty Avery of Kansas, who is 94 years of age. She declares she will pass the century mark, as she is very hale and hearty for her age.

Stewart, B. C.—A gold camp has sprung up at the mouth of Salmon river, about two miles from Stewart, on the Alaska side of the boundary line. About 1000 lots have been staked by squatters and there promises to be a merry war over claim jumping. There is no official Government survey, but in order to prevent confusion the squatters have organized a sort of vigilance committee to band together and stand off squatters who try to jump the claims of original settlers.

Pleasanton.—This community has the unique distinction of possessing a four-legged chicken. In the flock of Manuel Amaral of this place there is a lusty young chicken, a cross between a Buff Cochin and a Plymouth Rock, five weeks old, that has a duplicate set of legs coming out of its body. Whether it is a fowl or a new species of four-legged animal is the question that is at present worrying Amaral. The extra legs, while not used by the chicken are nearly as large and strong as the others.



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THE CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC.

Colma—Mass, 9:30 a. m.
Ocean View—7:30. and 11:00.
South San Francisco—8:30.

Vista Grande M. E. Church—Rev. David Ralston, Pastor; Rev. J. E. Pescott, Asst.—Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting, Thursdays; Junior League, Saturdays, 2:30 p. m., Mrs. Meeth, Supt.; Epworth League, Sundays, 6:30 p. m., Miss Ada Turner, Pres.; Ladies' Aid, alternate Tuesday, 2:30 p. m., Mrs. Redding, Pres.

Grace Presbyterian Church—Rev. A. R. Willis, Pastor (Residence, 442 Athens St., S. F.)—Services, 11 a. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.

POSTOFFICE NOTICE.

Postoffice open daily from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M.
Money order window opened from 7 A. M. to 5:45 P. M.
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WOMEN'S INTERESTS

Thoughts on Domestic Economy.

There are many households in which the mistress of the establishment doesn't know her business, writes the Country Contributor. This is a deplorable state of affairs. What right has a woman to marry and take on the responsibility of housekeeping when she doesn't know the first thing about it? What man would dare attempt life at such hazards? With such a wife a man is truly "up against it" when hard times come. If the woman has been wholly dependent on the cook and the best that the market affords for food for her husband and family, where are they to land when prices rise as they have risen and retrenchment in household expenses is necessary?

There are many women who hold this ignorance and incapacity of theirs as a distinction—they imagine that it marks them something above the common herd. Out upon such nonsense! What man at the head of a large manufacturing or business concern can succeed unless he knows the minutest detail of the business? Why is it that the man "who began as an office boy" so often ends as a millionaire? Simply because he knows his business from the ground up.

If the details of a business, then, are not above the close study and consideration of a financier, why should the minutiae of the day's work be beneath the notice of the mistress of any sort of house? Why should not the flour bin and the grease can be under her inspection? And why should she not be able to take the place of any servant in the house if necessity presents itself? To my mind, nothing is more interesting than the preparation of food and the study of domestic problems. Our supper in the kitchen redemonstrated to our minds the fact that we have too much house. Nobody needs a parlor, a living room, a dining room and a kitchen, at least nobody in moderate circumstances. The family life is much alike among rich and poor and we are nestling, close living creatures by nature. A small room with a genial fire draws the family like a magnet, a little circle, needing only love and congeniality to bring happiness. Can we not take a lesson from this regarding the actual essentials of existence?

Fads and Fancies in Dress

Belts appear everywhere and on everything that has a waistline.

Anyone possessing a sun-plaited, knife-plaited or accordion-plaited skirt may rejoice, for these skirts will be all the rage again.

Gold and silver, colored and jeweled slippers are high in fashion's favor, yet many of the most careful dressers cling to the blacks.

A single poinsetta or a huge rose, more often than not artificial, is pinned on milady's muff. It gives a pleasing touch of color.

To have more than three buttons on the spring suit is taboo. And what is more, the three must be diagonally arranged to be quite au fait.

The guimpe of plain sheer tulle or net is more frequently used than that of tucks. The yoke is extremely shallow, and flesh tint is the usual color.

Drapery is still a commanding feature. It is quite the thing to wear something loose, that may be called a wrap, though it is more an evolution of the scarf.

Tan footwear is promised the greatest vogue that it has ever had, and it will, of course, come in some startling new shades, all the way from champagne to ochre.

White cotton crepe will be used quite as much this spring and summer as last year. Some waists of this material are now seen, rich with elaborate designs embroidered in colors.

The Russian coat is trying to the average figure, and the wise woman will have her general utility coat severe and conventional with the materials and some little details to stamp it this season's suit.

Old-Time Cures.

Of all the homely cures which are still to be discovered in old manuscript books of the past one of the simplest is that of a sliced onion, dipped in salt, and rubbed well over the skin. Another famous remedy consisted of white mustard, made into a thick, creamy mixture with water and spread over swollen toes at night. Linen rags were then ordered to be wound around, so that no air could cause a chill. If the heat did not prove too great for forbearance, the sufferer was ordered to leave the mustard to dry on, and to remove all traces of it in the morning by means of a soft handkerchief dipped in rain water.

Of homemade ointments, one of the least difficult to make is that of a mixture of half an ounce of white wax, an ounce of beef marrow and two ounces of hog's lard melted over the fire, and then strained through a piece of linen. According to a century-old recipe, which dates from the time when every housekeeper's garden was her medicine chest as well, herbs and leaves, compounded with care, had an almost miraculous effect on painful chilblains, although, like all the foregoing recipes, it was only prescribed to be used when the skin was not broken. The mixture consisted of a handful each of common mallow, marshmallow, ground ivy and periwinkle leaves, boiled with a pennyworth of alum and six breakfast cupfuls of water. Boiling was continued until the liquid had reduced to a quart, when it was strained off and stirred into six-pennyworth of camphorated spirits.

WEDDING COSTUMES.

For a fashionable wedding the bride's gown of heavy white satin has been fashioned after the model in the illustration. It is cut en princesse, and the square yoke of dotted net is draped on each side with the princess lace in fichu fashion. The lace veil reaching to the knees is prettily arranged on top of head with orange blossoms. The bridesmaid's costume is primrose satin, also of princess cut, with cleverly draped tunic arranged as shown in design. The bodice in this gown is made from self-tone tucked chiffon cloth, with round yoke of white Irish lace. A large black velvet hat, with crown band of gold embroidery and huge pink rose on left side makes a charming finishing touch.

What Girls Are Called.

The most popular names for girls—what are they? Statistics have been amassed by someone in a girls' college, where there is an enrollment of 1,600. Of this number more than 100 have the name of—not Gwendolen, or Gladys, or Patricia, or Doris, or Juliet, or Marie, or Inez, or Marcia, or Persis, or Eugenie, or Geraldine, or Hortense, or Muriel—but just Helen. One-sixteenth of all the girls bore this name, which means Light. Mary came second with less than ninety. Then folowed Margaret, Ruth, Florence and Elizabeth, in that order. Old-fashioned names are frequent. There are still many Hopes and Dorothys, and a few Emilys and Penelopes, but Abigail, Huldah and Hepzibah seem to have outlived their popularity in America.—Collier's.

Women in the Trades.

Only two professions, according to statistics, have so far not been invaded by the persistent American woman. There are no women sailors in the marine corps and no female linemen for telegraph and telephone systems. The other professions and trades number women as follows:

Architects ..	1,041	Packers and shippers ..	19,998
Clergymen ..	3,373	Stenographers	86,118
Dentists ...	786	Tel. operators	22,556
Electricians.	409	Undertakers..	323
Engineers ..	84	Carpenters...	545
Journalists.	2,190	Masons	167
Lawyers ...	1,010	Painters and glaziers ...	1,750
Teachers ...	327,614	Plumbers ...	126
Bookkeepers	85,240	Miners	1,809
Clerks	85,246	Blacksmiths..	133
Com. travelers	946		
Bank officials	498		
Manfacturers	3,433		

The Untrimmed Hat.

The prevailing fashion for having an entirely plain hat on the head is interesting and artistic, but one should not adopt the fashion without knowing its dangers. They are these: That unless the hat has exquisite lines, which means perfection of cut and shape, it looks ungainly. One must pay as much for the shape of the brim in a hat of this kind as for the trimming. Too few women realize this.

Raglan Sleeves Again.

It is said that the Raglan shoulder line and a modified kimono sleeve will return to favor. It is true that they were satisfactory and more becoming than the tight sleeves set in small armholes, which are still in vogue. The same idea is noticeable in many of the new and beautiful ball gowns, where broad bands of embroidery extend over the shoulder line.

Correct Whining Children.

For a child's sake if not for those around him, do not let him whine. The fault finding attitude toward life is all too easy, and it makes for sure unhappiness. The whine of the young becomes the chip on the shoulder of maturity and the sour disgruntlement of age, says a writer on child development. The child who is taught to take life as it is without complaints, better yet, to make the best of it or to laugh at its discomforts, is the child who will go through the world a pleasure to himself and to those who must deal with him.

A Novel Hat.

The dashing hat which appears in the drawing is extremely novel. It is of rough straw in the natural color, with a bowl-shaped crown of medium height and a wide brim rolling high on either side—the left sire rolling slightly higher and toward the front. A wide band of black velvet ribbon encircles the crown, passing through the rever on the left, which is slashed to admit it. Through this is thrust a quill in exquisite shades of peacock blue and green and cut to resemble an arrow. The entire effect is most novel and striking, and yet how simple!

Practical Charity.

Mrs. Juno Robeson, of Cleveland, Ohio, has established a practical charity. She has opened a house in a good neighborhood where working women may find a home at a cost not exceeding $2 a week. The house accommodates twenty; it has the air of a private home. The women furnish their own meals, but under Mrs. Robeson's direction.

To Thread the Machine Needle.

If, for any reason, either poor eyesight or lack of light at machine, one has difficulty in threading the machine needle, try holding a piece of white cloth or paper on the opposite side of the needle eye, which will then be so prominent that threading will be easy. Keep a bag hanging on the sewing machine to catch scraps. Have scissors hung by a cord or ribbon.

Peppers Are Handy.

It is a good plan to have a can of Spanish peppers always in the house. They can be easily and attractively used in an emergency. Sandwiches may be made of them, or they may be used to garnish leftover meats, etc. Cut the meat into cubes, cover with bits of pepper and bread crumbs and brown.

FOR WOMAN'S HOSPITAL IN 1985.

Remarkable Will of Aged Philanthropist Contains All Details.

The beautiful mansion on Main street, between the Old South and Piedmont Congregational churches, for half a century the home of the famous inventor and philanthropist, Thomas H. Dodge, is to be a part of the "Eliza D. and Cora J. D. Dodge hospital" in 1985. This is made obligatory, the Worcester correspondent of the Boston Herald says, under the will of the aged philanthropist, made when he was 84 years old, and which has just been filed for probate.

Mr. Dodge, who died at the age of 86, had always taken a great interest in movements for the betterment of the social conditions of women. His idea for many years was to found a woman's hospital to perpetuate his name. He had plans made and his will even goes to the length of directing the kind of building material to be used, the dimensions of the various air spaces in the building, the ornamentation, the style of the building and its exact location, his mansion house to be a part of the general scheme.

A trust fund for the maintenance of the hospital, which is to be for women and children and not for contagious or incurable diseases, amounting to about $50,000, is to be set aside, to be placed on interest, and it is figured that at the expiration it will amount to $1,600,000, invested at 4½ per cent, which would double itself every fifteen years.

A provision of the will and the bequest is that there shall stand in the corridor of the new building, to be seen plainly from the entrance, three life-sized standing portraits of himself, flanked on either side by pictures of his two wives, Eliza Daniels and Cora Dodge, the maiden names of the inventor's wives. The will specifies the exact style of frame in which the paintings are to be placed, even to the style of gilt to be used, the width and depth.

In this remarkable will Mr. Dodge went into the most minute detail, even to providing for the extension of the plank walk on the north side of the present mansion house and the rail of the steps leading to the back door of the mansion being extended to the entrance to the proposed hospital.

Mrs. Cora Dodge, the widow of the philanthropist, is pleased with the will. She entirely approves of the hospital idea, although the will was not made subject to her approval, and regrets that she will not see the carrying out of the plan of her husband. She will remain in the mansion, living with her sister, who is a teacher in the classical high school, and has confided to friends that she will never marry again. She is but a little more than 40 years old, and her life work has been devoted to the Y. M. C. A. in connection with which work she met Mr. and Mrs. Dodge nearly twenty-five years ago. During the latter years of Mr. Dodge's life she acted as his confidential clerk.

CRYING FOR QUARTER.

When Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia by inoculation with a virus was first practiced at Paris, there was much suspicion and dread in the minds of patients. In "The Captains and the Kings," by Henry Haynie, who was then living in Paris, a chapter is devoted to Pasteur and his method of treatment. Four little boys had been taken over from New Jersey for treatment, and Mr. Haynie accompanied the doctor who had them in charge to the office of Pasteur.

The last arrivals, apprehensive as to the results of their injuries, and not oversure of this method of treatment, expressed surprise at the calm confidence shown by those who had preceded them. It was easy to see that they were asking themselves the question, "How is it that they are able to take things so easily, and laugh and talk so merrily over it all?" Then they would brighten up with hope, and when their turn came they entered the private office with confidence, seated themselves on the operating stool, and stood the ordeal well.

When our turns come, Doctor Billings and myself took the boys in, one at a time, to where the illustrious Frenchman awaited them. He did not understand English, and so I whispered to Billings to notice closely this apparently unemotional being, and he would find him possessed of a tenderness and sympathy far beyond that of ordinary women.

One of the victims, Eddy Ryan, was but a little more than three years old, and he showed fear at the first inoculation. Mrs. Ryan, who was of the party, took the boy in her arms and tried to reassure him, but could not. Tears of sympathy gathered in the master's eyes, and as he wiped them away he said to me, in French:

"Tell her to stand over there where the little one can see us care first for the others—it will encourage the dear little fellow."

One of the other lads, Patsy Reynolds, also grew frightened, and rebellion was imminent. I took him to one side, and put it to him that, as a young American, he ought not to be outdone in pluck by a French boy who had just come out of Pasteur's room looking perfectly happy.

"Well, sor, will yer give me a quarter if I bate him??" whispered Patsy, and when I shoved a silver piece into the hand of the young rascal, he went in without the slightest show of fear or suffering.

A woman needn't expect to take a man to church after she marries him, just because she succeeded in dragging him in for the wedding.

A compliment that isn't exaggerated seldom makes a hit

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Real Estate Office
At Residence COLMA, CAL.
If You Want to Increase Your Business Insert Your ad in the
Colma Record

LET ME ENJOY.

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I will find charm in her uncare,
And laud those lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song,
Inspired by scenes and souls unknown,
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

Perhaps some day, toward Paradise
And all its blest—if such should be—
I shall lift glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.
—Thomas Hardy.

THE UPROOTING OF JIM

Jim Lesterton was rapidly settling down into confirmed old bachelorhood. It was a pity, but he had played the part of father and mother both to his orphan brothers and sisters, six of them, all told—and played it so well that from their very childhood they had felt no sense of loss. To him they had turned in all their joys and sorrows, and he had never failed them. To outsiders his life had always seemed a singularly noble and self-denying one. To him his course of action had seemed the only one which could be followed.

Now his "children" had stretched their wings, and the quaint old house in Danechester High street knew them no more. The three stalwart lads, Roy, Leslie and Maurice, were making their way rapidly in Canada. The girls had married wisely and happily.

Jim had only recently parted with the youngest, Dorothy, his pet and darling, and perhaps it had cost him more to let her go than any of the others. She was so full of life and vivacity that he seemed to find in her bright youth the youth which had passed him by. For he had been so intensely occupied with family cares from his boyhood that he often felt he had never been young at all. The small income left by his parents had been miserably inadequate to supply the needs of a growing family, and Jim had "toiled terribly" to supplement it.

He could have told, had he been so minded, sad stories of those early years, when there were so many hungry mouths at home. It was so easy for him to live hard and work hard, he told himself. The Spartan-like simplicity of the regime, fortunately, did not affect his constitution. He had never been absent from his daily work by reason of illness. He could have told also of garments bought ready-made, on account of cheapness, which his soul secretly loathed; of threadbare greatcoats worn through bitter winters, and of sundry other economies, cheerfully undergone for the sake of "his children," as he called them; but these things were hidden in his heart. Jim Lesterton would have scorned himself had he spoken of them, and if he sometimes felt a little sad and over-anxious during those long years in which the young ones were growing up, it was never suspected by them. He was an arch-dissembler in his way, this big-hearted, lovable Jim, but the dissembling was such as angels smile over, always for the cheer and well-being of others.

God makes His heroes out of such stuff, and, quite unconsciously, they are as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to those around them. There are more of them amongst us than we know, for often in our own worldliness and self-seeking our eyes are holden.

But "the years which the locusts had eaten" lay behind the man now. He had risen to a trusted and prosperous position, one which far exceeded his early ambitions, and was free from all anxiety concerning those dear to him. Yet he was possessed at times with a rather painful sense that his present comfortable life was not actually as full and happy as the old toiling meager existence had been. His days seemed empty and gray, and he was settling down to feel as he looked —a dull old bachelor.

The great crisis of our lives often come to us in a most homely and commonplace fashion. Jim Lesterton, sitting at his breakfast one morning, and enjoying a morning paper supported by a rather battered tea-cosy, which he would not have replaced because his pet sister had made it for him, suddenly caught sight of his own name in the "Agony" column.

"If James Lesterton, eldest son of the late Marcus Lesterton, of Felverlea, Derefordshire, will communicate with the Messrs. Lawson, 6, Chancery-lane, London. E. C., he will hear of something to his advantage."

Jim gave a violent start, thereby provoking the keen resentment of a magnificent Persian cat, which had perched herself on his shoulder with an eye to stray tit-bits. She sprang to the ground, and esconced herself in an easy chair opposite, keeping, however, a watchful eye on her master.

"Gloriana, my dear, I beg your ladyship's pardon," Jim said gravely, and with a slight inclination of his head in the Persian's direction. "But when a fellow hears quite sudden like that a fellow has only got to show himself to hear something to that fellow's advantage, why it's enough to make his manner lack Vere de Vere repose."

He read the advertisement through carefully once more. There was a possibility, of course, that some mistake had been made in regard to name, that he, Jim Lesteron, was not actually the man wanted, he told himself. But his early years had been spent in Felverlea, Derefordshire. It was not until the death of his parents that he had taken a house in Danechester, owing to its easy access from London.

"*Domine dirige nos*," said Jim Lesterton. It was a habit of his to murmur the simple old Latin prayer in the difficulties and perplexities of life. Then he set out for Chancery lane.

The Messrs. Lawson were quite unlike typical men of law. They bore a comical resemblance to each other, and even their voices had the self-same tone. Jim had a fleeting remembrance of making such heads as theirs out of hollowed turnips in his youth. But he soon discovered that the round chubby faces were those of keen business men, and watched them with interest.

They proceeded at once to the business in hand.

"Mr. Lesterton," said the one who appeared to be the elder of the two. "Can you call to memory a certain night in March, about seventeen years ago, when a man stopped you at the gate of your home, your father's home it was then, saying he was starving and half-dead with cold?"

Jim Lesterton's memory was a good one, but he had to think hard before he could recall the night in question. He paused before he made any reply.

"The name of the man was Francis Faithfull," said the brothers, this time simultaneously, and with rather odd effect.

"Oh, yes, I remember. The name helped me to recall him. It struck me at the time as rather quaint," said Jim.

"You fed and clothed him," said the elder brother, solemnly.

"Any decent chap would have done the same," said Jim hastily, disclaiming any glory in the matter. "He was down on his luck."

"He took a fancy to you, and vowed as he left your father's house that, if

THE GRAY OLD WORLD WAS A NEW PLACE.

ever the wheel of fortune turned for him, he would stand your friend. Quite recently the wheel of fortune has turned for him. For years he has been disowned by his family, on account of an early imprudent marriage, and he fell on evil days. Last week, by the falling of an avalanche on Mont Blanc, two lives were lost, which stood between him and a baronetcy. Sir Robert Faithfull and his son Herbert now lie dead at Chamonix, awaiting burial in the English churchyard.

"Francis Faithfull was found, by the merest chance, working as a caretaker in a motor works, and he went, at our instigation, to Switzerland. There was no difficulty in proving his claim. Yesterday he wired to us to find you, and to send you on to Chamonix. He has never lost sight of you, or forgotten his debt to you, and he is eager to repay it—at least in part."

Jim Lesterton listened like one in a dream, and the two old men began to give him instructions as to his journey. The elder presently handed him a pink slip of paper. "You must not be offended, Mr. Lesterton. Doubtless you know your Bible, and a certain passage which refers to bread cast upon the waters."

"But I don't need it," began Jim.

"My dear sir, you have not only yourself to consider on this journey. Our client wishes you to take his daughter to him. She does not at present know of the change in her father's circumstances. You are to fetch her from this address," giving Jim another slip of paper. "Get what she needs. Miss Faithfull is an heiress, and must want for nothing. You will look after her comfort generally."

"But I don't know anything about girls," protested Jim Lesterton. "I am a confirmed bachelor. All my friends would tell you so."

"What about your care of your sisters?" The two old lawyers looked archly at him, and shook their forefingers. It was too much for Jim's sense of humor. He laughed as he had not laughed for years, and because he was a good and strong and altogether pleasant fellow, they laughed, too.

Then Jim went on his mission, feeling curiously young.

* * * * * * * * *

May Faithfull was a dressmaker's hand, and only a junior hand at that. She had recently been promoted, however, into making buttonholes, for which she had a peculiar aptitude. It is an occupation, however, which, if persisted in for several hours at a stretch, day after day, week in, week out, has a tendency to pall.

To-day May was tired, dreadfully tired. Last night, she had dreamed of buttonholes. They had come staring and grinning at her, like grotesque, impish faces. And they were bad buttonholes, such as one may see in a child's first attempt at needlework, so excruciatingly bad that she had sobbed in her dreams. Poor little May!

She was hoping as she worked this morning that they would not haunt her again, but she had her misgivings. She bent her pretty head, with its coronal of wavy hair, over her work, with an increase of application.

Suddenly a name rang through the workroom, pronounced in a clear and resonant voice by "Madame Etoile," whose homely English name was Betsy Starr!

"Miss Faithfull is wanted." Madame's voice was raspy. She had much work in hand, and resented the interruption.

May rose and put her hand to her heart. It was beating quicker than its wont. Various remarks saluted her ears as she made her exit.

When she entered the room where Jim Lesterton was waiting, her white little face was flushed; her eyes were shining like stars. Despite her patched black gown, she looked beautiful.

Jim Lesterton hesitated for a moment. The girl had dignity and grace despite her youth. Then she lifted her face, and he saw how wistful and lonely she looked. His heart went out to her.

"Child," he said, "your father wants you. I am to take you to him. He wants you to share some unexpected good fortune."

She laid her hand in his, and quite suddenly the gray old world was a new place to Jim Lesterton. All things had changed. He felt the joy, the exhilaration of a lad of 20 whilst the small work-worn hand lay in his own.

* * * * * * * * *

It was a wonderful journey those two took together into the playground of the world, for Jim Lesterton was the kindest and most fatherly of protectors to the young creature put in his charge.

When the two had their first glimpse of the "Monarch of Mountains;" when Mont Blanc raised his magnificent crest, crowned with eternal snow, before their vision, she clung to his arm, and sobbed like a child. "It's so lovely," she said. "And it was always here, but we might never have seen it, but for——"

She paused abruptly; Jim swiftly divined her girlish thought of her unknown kinsfolk lying still and dead, victims of the mountain avalanche. He liked her for her tenderness, but managed to turn her thoughts in his own kindly way, by pointing out the manifold beauties of the panorama through which they were passing.

When they reached Chamonix a tall and aristocratic-looking man came to greet them, his face lit with a smile of welcome. Jim Lesterton vainly strove to recall the starving wanderer as he looked at Sir Francis Faithfull, but Sir Francis held his hand in an iron grip and looked at him wth almost fatherly affection.

"Welcome, my lad," he said. "A thousand thanks to you for bringing my little girl to me. It will be a threefold cord now, and a threefold cord is not easily broken."

It never was. That visit to Chamonix was a sowing that bore in the after years flowers of marvelous joy and happiness. It was, in truth, "The Uprooting of Jim," who grew younger and happier every day, till bride and bridegroom seemed well matched to sympathizing onlookers at his wedding with May Faithfull.—London S. S. Times.

ON THE WITNESS STAND.

The Right of a Witness to Qualify His Answers.

Like Stevenson's child, as a rule, the witness should speak only when he is spoken to. He should not volunteer anything except that when he is asked a question which with apparent innocence could really be answered "Yes" or "No" he has a right to qualify a plain "Yes" or "No." This, of course, happens most often in the case of experts. The "Yes, but I will explain," and "No, but I will explain," of one of the distinguished expert witnesses for the commonwealth in the case of commonwealth versus Quay, which was tried before Judge Biddle in the court of quarter sessions of Philadelphia county several years ago, still linger in the writer's memory.

It is a mistaken notion that a witness is bound to answer "Yes" or "No." It is surprising that such should have ever been the received theory, but then the hunting down of witches and the expounding of the doctrine of witchcraft were regarded as proper judicial functions only a century or two ago. The theory as to categorical reply was completely exploded by the gentleman who propounded the question, "When are you going to stop beating your wife?" and demanded a categorical answer. If the lawyer attempts to tell you that you must answer "Yes" or "No" you have the right to say that the question is one which is not susceptible of a categorical answer. This should floor ccunsel for the moment.

Mannerly behavior on the part of witnesses includes keeping one's temper under almost all provocations. Cross examination for the purpose of testing your memory is not intended to be and should not be regarded as insulting. It should therefore not be resented. If the cross examination transcends all bounds and your patience is exhausted a sharp retort will not necessarily injure your testimony with the jury. The jury sympathizes with the witness more than with the lawyer, and, while mere smartness for the sake of being smart or because of a too expansive personality is to be deplored, you will be sure of a sympathetic audience if you are in the right and counsel in the wrong.—Ira Jewell Williams in Green Bag.

Any woman can make a fool of a man by complimenting him on the superior brand of wisdom he possesses.

Before They Had Arithmetic.

Before they had arithmetic,
Or telescopes, or chalk,
Or blackboards, maps, and copy-books—
When they could only talk:

Before Columbus came to show
The world geography,
What did they teach the little boys
Who went to school like me?

There wasn't any grammar then,
They couldn't read or spell,
For books were not invented yet—
I think 'twas just as well.

There were not any rows of dates,
Or laws, or wars, or kings,
Or generals, or victories,
Or any of those things.

There couldn't have been much to learn;
There wasn't much to know,
'Twas nice to be a little boy
Ten thousand years ago!

For history had not begun,
The world was very new,
And in the schools, I don't see what
The children had to do.

Now, always there is more to learn—
How history does grow!—
And every day they find new things
They think we ought to know.

And if it must go on like this
I'm glad I live to-day,
For boys ten thousand years from now
Will not have time to play!
—St. Nicholas.

Harriet's Bureau.

Now, Harriet's grandmother was fond of her, and gave her a charming bureau for her birthday. It was stained green and had bright brass handles, and it looked exceedingly pretty against the pink rose wallpaper of Harriet's room. And you wouldn't think a pretty bureau like that would cause Harriet any trouble, would you? But it did, yes indeed it did, and you must be told about it, so that if your grandmother ever gives you a bureau for your birthday you won't make the mistake Harriet did.

Harriet filled the bureau drawers tidily, and put her best dress and the guimpe and ribbons that went with it in the lowest drawer. And because she was proud of the little brass key she locked the lowest drawer and put the key in her pocketbook, where she knew it would be safe.

After that she went away to visit her grandmother in the country for a day or two, to thank her for her beautiful birthday present.

Now, Harriet was invited to a party—a perfectly splendid party—on the seventh and as her Aunt Eleanor was coming down from the country on the morning of the seventh, it was arranged that Harriet should come with her. When she reached home she took a nap before luncheon, to be quite rested for the party, and after luncheon her mother brushed her hair into most beautiful curls and said:

"Now, get your party dress and we'll have you all ready in no time."

"Oh, yes," said Harriet, "I put it in the lowest drawer of my bureau," and she sat down on the floor and tugged at the handles.

"Oh, I remember, I locked it," she said, jumping up. Then all at once her expression changed.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "I put the key in my pocketbook and left the pocketbook at grandmother's."

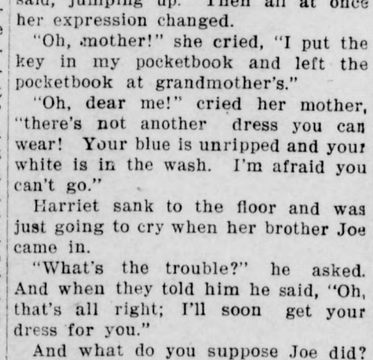
"Oh, dear me!" cried her mother, "there's not another dress you can wear! Your blue is unripped and your white is in the wash. I'm afraid you can't go."

Harriet sank to the floor and was just going to cry when her brother Joe came in.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. And when they told him he said, "Oh, that's all right; I'll soon get your dress for you."

And what do you suppose Joe did? I wonder if any of you would have thought of it? He went to the bureau and pulled out the second drawer from the bottom and put his hand into the lowest drawer and brought out Harriet's best dress. And that's how Harriet managed to get to the party after all.—Chicago News.

Morning School for Rover.



The King of Hunky-Bunky.

This is a game which sounds very simple, but never fails to make fun. Select two persons and place them at opposite sides of the room, the farther apart the better. Give each a lighted candle and tell them they must not laugh or even smile. They are to advance toward each other very slowly, looking directly into each other's eyes. When they meet in the center of the room, with hands uplifted, in tones of great sorrow one says, "The king of Hunky-Bunky is defunct and dead!" The other responds: "Alas, alas! How died he?" The first person, with increased grief, says: "Just so, just so, just so." Then comes the response: "How sad, how sad, how sad!"

The couple rarely get beyond announcing that the king is dead before they are off in gales of laughter. A little prize may be awarded the couple who completely finish the message something that may be divided, like a box of candy or a bunch of flowers. When one couple finishes or fails another pair may be chosen.

Flies on a Card.

Cut several small pieces of cardboard about the size of a visiting card and draw six flies on each, numbering them from one to six. The object of the game is to see who can first cover all the flies by throwing with a die. Each player in turn throws with a die and covers the fly corresponding to the number thrown. He who covers or kills all the flies first wins. As a variation eighteen pieces can be used, each player throwing three times instead of once. After the first three throws the game begins to get exciting, as the exact numbers necessary to fill the card are seldom thrown.

"AS CRAZY AS A LOON."

Old Phrase Seemingly Not a Libel on That Eccentric Bird.

One often hears the expression "As crazy as a loon," and yet I wonder," says a friter in St. Nicholas, "how many realize how peculiarly fitting it sometimes is. Of all the birds and animals that have come under my observation I know of none that in any degree approaches the loon for sheer craziness or weirdness.

"Evening seems to be the loons' favorite time for their peculiar behavior. They collect in the middle of a lake, and when they have summoned all of their kind within hearing the ball commences. They raise their bodies half out of water by furiously flapping their wings, at the same time making a most terrific splashing.

"They then propel themselves backward and forward, half swimming, half flying, all the while screaming at the top of their voices. They keep this up from ten to fifteen minutes and seem to get a great deal of satisfaction out of it. In the calm of a summer evening, and aided a bit by the echoes, a half dozen loons can make the fellows in a college cheering section hang their heads for shame.

"The loon is not only crazy acting, but at times is very aggravating. Perhaps, for instance, after a hard day you are sitting by the camp fire, quietly smoking and at peace with the whole world; suddenly there breaks upon your ears the most blood-curdling scream, followed by heartrending cries. Your first thought is that there is a child being murdered or a woman in distress and you start to your feet. Then you realize that it is only a loon.

"Or, perhaps, having turned in, you are sleeping the sleep that comes only in the pine-scented north. Again you start and wake as you hear a long, mournful cry echoing through the forest, and involuntarily exclaim 'wolves!' There is a grunt and the sleepy voice of your guide comes from the depth of his blankets: 'Non, m'sieu'; loon.'

"In the morning a hunter rises bent on vengeance for his broken repose and resolves to destroy the fiend as he sits mirrored in the lake. Although the modern cartridge and rifle gives no warning of the shot, as did the old-fashioned flintlock with its 'flash in the pan,' nevertheless, the loon nearly every time seems to know just when the bullet is coming and dives just in time to escape. Immediately after the discharge of the rifle the loon is serenely up again, its mocking laughter being but an added irritation. On the whole, he seems rather to enjoy the performance.

"As a diver the loon excels, and naturally, for it is his means of livelihood. Not only is he marvelously quick but he can remain under water for a seemingly endless time. In swimming under water he uses both wings and feet and can go for several hundred yards in this fashion. The loon, like many other water fowls, sleeps on the water, with his head tucked under his wing.

"Several summers ago a friend of mine while camped on Lake Kiamika was out for an early morning paddle. Out on the lake he espied a sleeping loon, and by dint of careful paddling he actually succeeded in approaching and capturing him. Proud of his capture, he took the loon ashore and tethered him to a stake. The loon struggled at first, but after a while seemed to become reconciled. All went well until nightfall. Then the loon set up such a hideous outcry and kept it up so persistently that before morning he had earned his freedom."

The Pets of a Queen.

The queen of England has many animal pets in Sandringham, which is her favorite residence. She has twenty dogs, including three prize Pekinese, the Chinese importation which has become so popular recently with society women in England, and which J. P. Morgan now is breeding with all the enthusiasm which a few years ago gave him the world's champion kennel of collies. The queen also is a fancier of collies and owns several splendid animals. She has cats in Sandringham, birds and ponies. She goes there as often as possible, and is becoming more and more attached to it. She is never happier than when she can escape to her pets from the stiff court formality of Windsor palace.

When a woman becomes so angry that she can't talk she begins to think she has acquired wonderful self-control.

If you would please your friends keep your troubles under cover.

Not a drop of Alcohol

Doctors prescribe very little, if any, alcohol these days. They prefer strong tonics and alteratives. This is all in keeping with modern medical science. It explains why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is now made entirely free from alcohol. Ask your doctor. Follow his advice.

Ayer's — We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

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While They Last
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941 Market St.
San Francisco, California

A Wonder.

"What a quaint old teapot! And you say it has been in the family since the year 1810? Then it is a century old! It has outlasted an entire 100 years!"

"Yes, and probably 300 cooks."

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Are you looking for a better rate from the Fire Underwriters and an improved policy form? If so communicate with us. We are expert insurance brokers for the assured in business since 1886 and can expert your present rate and suggest protections that it will pay you to adopt. Board companies only. Large lines a specialty.
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Insomnia

"I have been using Cascarets for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all that they are represented."
Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to the Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Ill., and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon FREE.

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Send for Prospectus. HYGRAVITY OIL COMPANY, 404 Story Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Idaho, Minidoka Project. U. S. Government irrigated Land. Adjoining famous Twin-Falls tract. Good climate, rich soil, abundance of water. There is an opportunity in this big, new country for you, Mr. Farmer, Fruit-Grower, Homeseeker, Business Man or Investor. You need to know of these good things. It is your privilege to know the facts. Tell us to send them. Address Will J. Jones, Secretary, Settlers, Development League, Heyburn, Idaho.

Side Lights on History.

Julius Caesar had just organized the triumvirate.

"This is something like it," he said. "A decemvirate is so jejune!"

It was the recollection of this atrocity that finally nerved the avenging arm of Brutus.—Chicago Traibune.

The New Flavor
Mapleine
(Flavor of Maple)

A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 35c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book.

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MOORE'S POISON OAK
NEVER FAILING REMEDY 30 YEARS THE STANDARD
PILES, CHILBLAINS, FELONS, BURNS, ETC.
A VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD SALVE.
ALL DRUGGISTS HAVE IT OR WILL OBTAIN ON REQUEST
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Spring-Cleaning

The Human System Needs It.

Mrs. M. Morgan, 411 4th Ave., E., Brainerd, Minn., writes: "I take from one to two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the spring to purify the blood just as regularly as I do my house-cleaning, and go around light-footed and light-hearted. I believe it is the best blood purifier known."

Hood's Sarsaparilla so combines the curative principles of roots, barks and herbs as to raise them to their highest efficiency; hence its unequaled cures.

Get it today in usual liquid form or tablets called Sarsatabs.

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9000 chicks a week, any variety

Chicks safely shipped anywhere within three days' travel. Orders booked ahead.

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Must be sound and weigh 1500 pounds or over.

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BECAUSE:

W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world.

W. L. Douglas $4.00 and $5.00 shoes equal, in style, fit and wear, other makes costing $6.00 to $8.00.

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The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on the bottom. **Take No Substitute.** Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If they are not for sale in your town write for Mail Order Catalog, giving full directions how to order by mail. Shoes ordered direct from factory delivered to the wearer all charges prepaid. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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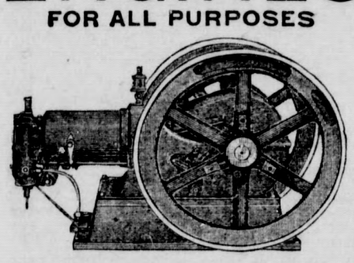
ENGINES

FOR ALL PURPOSES



Engines today are taking the place of the horse and of all forms of manual labor. Dependability—the certainty that it will work when you need it, is the first requisite of an engine. Then reliability of workmanship, obviating repairs.

The **Old's** engines, of which we are the agents, are made by the oldest and most reliable firm in the United States.

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COMPRESSED AIR MACHINERY CO.

Stevenson and Ecker Sts., San Francisco

FOR THE TEETH.

Tooth bleaching and tartar paste will bleach dark and discolored teeth to a beautiful white shade without injury to the teeth, and will cure soft, bleeding, suppurating or pus discharging gums and loose teeth caused by tartar or Pyorrhea and prevent tooth decay. Applied upon retiring. This is what I use in my Dental Specialist practice of 15 years' experience. Can be purchased only through my Laboratory Month's treatment mailed for $2. Send money order. Dental Specialist Co., P. O. Box 74, San Francisco.

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PACIFIC	Aluminum Brazing Works. Our specialty broken cylinders, crank and gear cases; we reinforce the weak points. 430 Van Ness Ave., S. F.
SPLITDORF	Magnetos and Magneto Spark Plugs. San Fran. Branch 520 Van Ness Ave.
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1 or 1000 at Factory prices
AMERICAN AWNING CO.
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A Cordial Invitation.

Men who are "good mixers" may be as valuable as they are rare. There can be no question that a certain preacher in one of the large cities of Indiana fulfilled all the requirements, as the following story shows. He was the pastor of one of the leading churches of his city, says a writer in the Louisville Times. His motto was that of the late Henry George: "I am for men."

One day he stopped in a blacksmith shop to chat with the workmen. During the visit a florid-faced man of prosperous appearance came into the shop. He and the minister began chatting, but neither knew the other's occupation. They became good friends in a few minutes.

Finally the florid-faced man produced his card, which announced that he was in the saloon business on West street.

"Come down to my place any time," he said, "and I'll give you a good time."

"All right," replied the minister, "and by the way, I'm running a pretty good place myself. Come and see me and I'll give you a good time."

"I'll sure do that," said the other, "but by the way, where is your joint?"

"My joint," was the reply, "is the First Presbyterian Church. Just inquire for the pastor, and I'll be at your service."

An Ungrateful Sufferer.

Steady nerves, strength and gentleness had all been included in nature's gift to Miss Harmon, and she made an excellent nurse. But when she saw a patient in what she called "the glums," she never failed to speak a few admonitory words.

"See here," she said, in her clear, pleasant voice one morning to Squire Lathrop, slowly recovering from an attack of gout which had been severe enough to send him to bed, "see here! I know you've had quite a siege, but you must look at some o' your mercies, square."

"What, for instance?" demanded the squire, who knew her ways.

Miss Harmon bent an accusing gaze on him.

"Take this bed, for instance," she said. 'Have you thought how few there are that have the privilege of being sick in a handsome black walnut bedstead like yours, an' have their clean sheets taken out o' such mahogany linen-press as you've got? That ought to cheer you up some, anyway to think of such privileges."

An Acute Sense of Taste.

William and Lawrence were in the habit of saving a part of their dessert from the evening dinner for consumption the next morning, and in accordance with this custom two small cakes had been placed in the cracker jar for them. William, being the first up on the following morning and being hungry, went to the jar. He found only one cake, and a large piece had been bitten out of that. Full of wrath, he went upstairs and roused his brother.

"Say!" he demanded. "I want to know who took that big bite out of my cake!"

"I did," sleepily answered Lawrence.

"What'd you do that for?"

"Well, when I tasted it I found it was your cake, and so I ate the other one."

His Little Scheme.

"Great Caesar, old man!" exclaimed the gunner as he opened the door and found his friend's house brilliantly illuminated at noonday. "What does this mean? Why are all these blankets over the windows, and why is the gas burning in the daytime?"

"Sh!" whispered Guyer, cautiously. "It's a scheme of mine."

"What kind of a scheme?"

"Why, my wife is on a visit to her mother, and I tell her I remain home every night and read. I've got to get rid of some gas somehow so it will go on the bill at the end of the month."—Atlanta Constitution.

An Admonition from Japan.

"You shouldn't call us Japs in your newspapers," said a Japanese journalist. "We don't think it's polite. You wouldn't want us to call you Yanks in our papers, would you? A western Congressman said to me the other day: 'What nese are you—Japanese or Chinese?' I'd have liked to jiu-jitsu him, but I only smiled and retorted: 'What key are you—monkey or Yankee?'"

Dissatisfied with Results.

"Brother Hardesty, how much are you going to give to the missionary cause next year?" asked the pastor of the congregation.

"I don't know, elder," answered Deacon Hardesty. "I'm getting kind o' discouraged. I've been giving money for the benefit of the heathen for the last forty-five years, regular, and there seem to be more of 'em now than ever."

As It Seemed to Her.

"Mrs. Wilfong, how many lodges does your husband belong to?"

"He's a member of four lodges and two councils."

"What is the difference between a lodge and a council?"

"Well, when he goes to a lodge meeting he generally stays later."

More Frequently.

I shot a poem in the air;
It was reprinted everywhere,
From Bangor to the Rocky Range—
And always credited to "Exchange."
—New York Mail.

That one-fourth of Alaska is a coal field is announced at Washington by Alfred H. Brooks, chief geologist of the Alaskan division of the Geological Survey.

TRIALS of the NEEDEMS
HOW CAN YOU ALLOW THE CHILDREN TO MAKE THIS INFERNAL NOISE? IT'S AN OUTRAGE!
WHY JOHN, YOU MUST FEEL OUT OF SORTS. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A PAW-PAW PILL?
ONE CERTAINLY SEES THINGS DIFFERENTLY WHEN THE LIVER'S WORKING RIGHT
I KNEW THAT PAW-PAW PILL YOU TOOK LAST NIGHT WOULD CURE YOUR BILIOUS ATTACK
THERE IS HOPE
THE PILL THAT WILL
RESOLVED: THAT HEREAFTER I WILL KEEP MY LIVER, STOMACH AND BOWELS IN GOOD CONDITION WITH MUNYON'S LAXATIVE PAW-PAW PILLS. 10 PILLS IN A BOX. 10 CENTS.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of Charge. **MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

Send 10 cents for trial package.

Why, Yes!

"What do you understand," asked the teacher, "by the 'whirligig of time' bringing in 'its revenges'?"

"Taking a ride around the elevated loop during the rush hour," answered the young man with the bad eye.—Chicago Tribune.

"Where there's a will there a way." You can get **Port Costa Flour** if you insist upon it.

One striking peculiarity about dwarfs is that, however old they may become, they never live long.

FOR SALE—Land in sonoma County. Stock, dairy, fruit and poultry farms, all sizes and prices. No better land, never failing water, no malaria. Call or write. Santa Rosa Realty Co., 636 Market St., San Francisco or Elks Bldg., Santa Rosa, Cal.

Some children's clothes look as though their mother had dreamed them, and when she woke up next morning cut their pattern.

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c relieves tired or overworked eyes, stops eye aches, congested, inflamed or sore eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

A new mayonnaise mixer is equipped with a funnel by which oil may be dropped into it with regularity and a dasher turned with a crank.

"The kind that Mother used to make," was made with **Port Costa Flour.**

Embattled Mechanics.

In revolutionary times, when the British army was in Boston, there were several Scotch officers in command and some of them went to East Bridgewater, Mass., where Hugh Orr lived.

Mr. Orr was a Scotchman, who carried on the manufacture of scythes until the beginning of the war, when he went to work getting out cannon, under contract with the government.

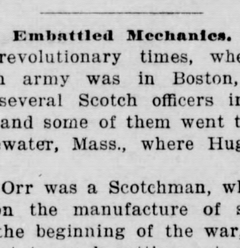
Mr. Orr was so well known that it was not long before his countrymen used to visit him. One day he was talking to them about the coming independence of this country, and one of the officers said it as an impossibility, because there were no soldiers in the country.

"My men are all soldiers," Mr. Orr said, stoutly. "After I shut down the factory to-night, I should like to have you see them."

After he shut down his factory he got his boys and workmen into line and asked one of the officers to drill them. This the officer did, and he was much surprised to see what efficiency they had in manoeuvering.

"If other people's boys are as smart as yours," he said to Mr. Orr, "you will gain your independence."

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS



Poor health can nearly always be traced to a **disordered stomach,** weak kidneys, sluggish liver or constipated bowels. **The Bitters acts directly** on these organs, making them strong and healthy. **Try it.**

Felt the Home Incomplete.

The editor of one of the leading magazines of New York has a viewpoint which often cheers his friends. His social affairs are such that on some occasions he and his wife dine in the homes of sumptuous wealth, while on other occasions they partake of chafing dish spreads in the candle-lighted studios of artists more or less struggling.

Not long since they dined with a family where the evidences of wealth were numerous. Among them was a platter of rare and costly porcelain. Mrs. Editor was enthusiastic over the beauty of it and its priceless antiquity, and the hostess called attention to the fact that it had been broken many times and that the pieces were riveted together with gold. In fact, she had a servant pass it around for examination to show how badly it had, on different occasions, been shattered, and how, on the back, it showed a mass of gold rivets.

The next morning, when the editor came to his own breakfast table, he appeared to be in a chastened, not to say, depressed, frame of mind. Mrs. Editor inquired the cause.

"Yes," he mused, reflectively, looking around on the dainty table and at the neat litle apartment. "Yes, it is a comfortable and well-kept little home, but so —ah — my dear — so sort of unriveted."

Nearly every European country buys old black stockings which have been discarded by American wearers for conversion into shoddy.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

"Are you the mate?" asked the landsman, as he went aboard the ship. "No, sir, I'm the man that cooks the mate," replied the Irish cook.

EVERY WOMAN WILL BE INTERESTED.

There has recently been discovered an aromatic, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, called Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN LEAF. It is the only certain regulator. Cures female Weaknesses and Backache, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. At all Druggists or by mail 50 cents. Sample FREE. Address the Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

There's one consolation in being an editor—if we don't get money when we need it we are always sure to need it when we get it.

When a woman flicks her skirts men peep—that's curiosity. When a man orders Old Gilt Edge Whiskey that's judgment.

The third largest reflecting telescope in the country has been provided by Harvard University for its observatory at Flagstaff, A. T.

Tastes differ in most things—but all housewives like **Port Costa Flour.**

A Picture of Eternity.

The negro preacher is noted for his enthusiasm and his picturesque—almost poetic—way of expressing things. In "Life in Old Virginia," J. J. McDonald tells about a new colored minister who was conducting a revival without much success. At last, however, he awakened his congregation by asking:

"Does yo' know what eternity is? Well, I tell yo'.

"If one of dem lil sparrows what yo' see roun' yo' garden bushes was to dip his bill in de 'Lantic Ocean an' take one hop a day an' hop 'cross de country an' put dat drop of water into de 'Cific Ocean, an' den he hop back to de 'Lantic Ocean—jes' one hop a day—an' if he keep dat hoppin' up 'twell de 'Lantic Ocean wuz dry as a bone, it wouldn't be break o' day in eternity."

"Dar, now," said one of the brethren, "yo' see for yo'se'f how long eternity is."

Scotch Repartee.

An eminent Scotch clergyman happened to dine with some learned lawyers of the Edinburgh bar. He appropriated to himself a large dish of cress, upon which he fed voraciously. Erskine, wishing to admonish him for his discourtesy to the other diners, remarked:

"Doctor, you remind me of Nebuchadnezzar in his degradation."

"Aye, do I mind ye o' Nebuchadnezzar? Doubtless because I am eating among the brutes," answered the Scotch worthy.

Lesson from the Past.

"Socrates," asked Plato, "to spring an old one on you, how do you reconcile the doctrine of foreordination with the doctrine that man is a free moral agent?"

"We needn't bother our heads about that," answered Socrates. "One of these days some 7-year-old prodigy will come along and tell us all about it."

For even the old Greek philosopher had a premonition that we were going to have some fearfully smart boys in America in the twentieth century.

Still at Her Own Disposal.

"Miss Violet," said the handsome young professor of vocal culture, "you must put more heart into your voice. Let it be freer and more spontaneous."

"Why, professor," she said, bringing her lovely eyes to bear upon him, "my heart is entirely free!"

A Modern Instance.

The mighty Casey had struck out.

"I had to do it or spoil the poem," he explained.

Years afterward, however, when he saw how the elocutionists had overworked it, he bitterly regretted the act.

Fortunate Bella.

Greta—Bella tells me she's sorry she ever married you.

Clarence—She ought to be. She did some nice girl out of a good husband.

Women's Weapons.

A recent news item from Trenton, N. J., says: "When an ill-clad, half-starved looking man besought food of Mrs. James Kinney of No. 844 Lamberton street yesterday the good woman invited the fellow into her warm kitchen, where she set before him a plentiful repast. The man devoured the food with an avidity that supported his statement that he had had nothing to eat for several days. While he was eating Mrs. Kinney busied herself with other household duties. What was her surpise, however, to be suddenly confronted in her dining-room by the stranger in belligerent attitude, demanding money.

"'Why, you ungrateful loafer,' said Mrs. Kinney. 'You get out of here just as fast as you can travel.' And her tone apparently carried conviction, for the man began backing toward the door. In their passage through the kitchen Mrs. Kinney picked up a rolling pin and, as the fellow made a dart for the door, she let it fly at him. The missile struck the man in the small of the back and sent him sprawling down the steps into a snowbank. It just happened that at that moment Mrs. Kinney's next door neighbor, Mrs. Charles Breining, was about to enter the Kinney back door to return to Mrs. Kinney a frying pan which she had borrowed from her. She surmised that something was wrong, and as the man picked himself up out of the snow Mrs. Breining let fly the Kinney frying pan. This missile was quite as effective as the rolling pin, for it hit the ungrateful beggar on the side of the head and sent him sprawling in the snow. This time he picked himself up and made off with all possible speed. None of the other housewives in that neighborhood have since been bothered by hungry beggars."

Religion of Presidents.

The Episcopalian presidents were Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce and Arthur. The Congregationalists were both John Adams and John Quincy Adams. Jefferson and Johnson did not belong to any church. The Presbyterians were Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison. The Reformed Dutch were Roosevelt and Van Buren. Fillmore and Taft were Unitarians and Garfield belonged to the Disciples. The Methodists were Grant, Hayes and McKinley.

In at the Windup.

Gabriel was about to blow his trumpet.

"Stop!" uttered a commanding voice.

"What for?" demanded Gabriel. "Who are you?"

"I am G. Bernard Shaw," responded the voice. "I merely wish to protest against your following the absurd custom of playing 'The Star Spangled Banner' on such occasions as this. You can go ahead now."—Chicago Tribune.

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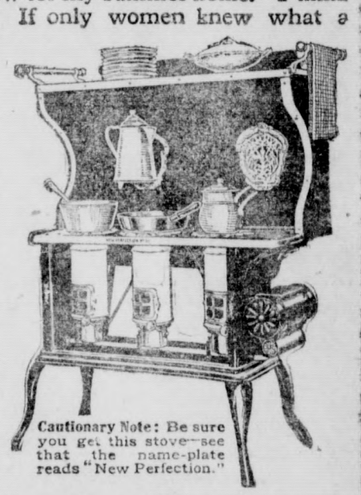
S. F. N. U. - - - - - No. 18, 1910

READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said:

"'I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost.'"



The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now—she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No more coal to carry, no more coming to the dinner table so tired out that you can't eat. Just light a Perfection Stove and immediately the heat from an intense blue flame shoots up to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven. But the room isn't heated. There is no smoke, no smell, no outside heat, no drudgery in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.

Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

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New and second-hand National Cash Registers, and every other make, from $25 up. Sold on easy terms. Write us. The National Cash Register Company, 1038 Market St., between Taylor and Jones, San Francisco.

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Does anyone owe you? We collect, everywhere, on percentage. No collection, no charge. Dean & Co., 652 Pacific Building, San Francisco.

Bad debt collecting our specialty. Try us. We get you the money. Interstate Law Association. Pacific Building, 4th and Market, San Francisco.

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OWNER will sell 10 or 20 acres, planted to walnuts, fruit or eucalyptus; cared for 3 years; $125 per acre. E. E. Grant, 245 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

GASOLINE ENGINES

Boat and pumping engines and parts cheaper than anywhere. Send for catalogue. NIELAND, 1728 Byrant Street, San Francisco.

HARDWOOD LUMBER

Oak, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, etc. Timbers, Lumber, Veneers, Oak and Maple Flooring. Dieckmann Hardwood Co., 244 California St., San Francisco.

WANTED

Ladies to learn Hairdressing at the California College of Hairdressing and Beauty Culture, 967½ Market, San Francisco. Send Sample for Hair Goods.

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YOSEMITE 1250 Market St., San Francisco. Newly opened; modern conveniences; 50c to $1 per day; weekly rates. H. B. FIELD, Proprietor.

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Fruit of Middle West Ruined; Must Buy From Coast

Chicago.—Six of the great central lake district States must buy all their fruit from other States this season, and twelve or more States will have but a partial crop. This was made certain after a careful examinaton of the frozen buds and twigs. All gardens vegetables also have suffered severely, and Chicago must draw its supply from distant points as the result of the recent blizzard and freezing weather. The same conditions are reported from Minnesota, Wisconsin, portions of Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska and the Dakotas.

The latest estimate of the loss of fruit, vegetable and grain crops put the total above $35,000,000, distributed as follows Michigan, $6,000,000; Indiana, $5,000,000; Wisconsin, $3,000,000; Nebraska, $3,500,000; Illinois, $3,000,000; Iowa, $9,000,000; Missouri, $2,500,000; Kansas, $3,000,000; Ohio, $1,500,000; Kentncky, $1,500,000.

Losses in Tennessee, the Dakotas and other States will not be so heavy, as the storms devastated only portions of their crop.s In the estimates no account is taken of the permanent crippling of young trees and the destruction, partial or complete, of vines and plants.

Novel methods were taken in many districts to save the strawberry and vegetable crops. The people stripped their beds of blankets, employed table linen and everything else they could find to cover gardens and vines. Damp straw, tar smudges and anything else that would create heavy smoke were burned in orchards and gardens to minimize the frost.

Owing to an unusually warm March and first of April, all the fruit and vegetable crops were at least one month in advance of the usual and there is no chance for a second crop. Grapevines in many localities will blossom again and there will be a second crop of strawberries, but the condition of apples, pears, peaches, cherries and similar fruits is hopeless.

Grave fears are also entertained for oats and other grain crops. Oats, especially, had jointed above the ground and this means destruction in the event of frost. The grain crops will survive frost if there are no joints exposed, but the crop was advanced to the jointing stage.

The storm has moved slowly to the southeast and New Orleans estimates the loss to cotton and other crops in Louisiana at $1,000,000. Alabama, Kentucky, Tenneesse and northern Mississippi will also suffer heavy losses.

A blizzard with more or less severe features, spread from the Rocky mountains to the southeast Atlantic Coast and Gulf Coast country, covering all districts from Saskatchewan to the Texas panhandle. It is said that the Colorado fruit districts are comparatively safe.

All the middle West will be compelled to draw upon California, Oregon, Washington and other fruit States for its apples and similar fruits. The problem of where to find vegetables is still unsolved, as the southern supply for the season is about exhausted and the local fields had been counted upon to meet the demands until the Michigan and Wisconsin crops were ready for market.

Female Sleuth's Beauty Failed to Move Married Jurors

San Francisco.—Female detectives have no right to be pretty or attractive. If they are and they make an arrest, ten chances to one they have tempted their poor prisoner to commit some crime just for the pleasure of arresting him afterward. This at least is Police Judge Deasy's idea of the matter, and it was brought out when the case of Turbis Lazzarechi, proprietor of a fruit store at 1442 Forty-eighth avenue, charged with selling liquor without a license, was called.

Lazzarechi was arrested by the undeniably charming detective, Madeline De Arcy, and was accused of selling her a small drink of whisky.

Instead of denying the charge, Lazzarechi made a clean breast of it and said: "I am an unmarried man, and I admire a handsome woman. This lady came into my store and I completely lost my heart to her. She asked for some whisky and I gave it her—what else could I do?"

Twelve married men sitting on the jury listened with rapt attention and nodded their heads as if in entire corroboration. They acquitted the defendant with joyful unanimity. Then Judge Deasy took occasion to remark in an audible tone:

"It does not strike me as quite right to engage a charming and beautiful young woman to gather evidence in this manner. It seems to me that a woman's charms are more apt to provoke a man to break the law than to prevent it. I wonder how many men would have the courage to refuse a little whisky to a pretty girl?"

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ANTI-FOREIGN FEELING IN CHINA RAPIDLY GROWING

Several Villages Burned and Women and Children Flee for Their Lives.

Hankow.—The situation in Hunan province is reported as critical. Women and children are fleeing for their lives from Changsha, the capital. A number of villages near that city have been burned by native mobs. The country is placarded with threats to kill all foreigners.

This news was brought by missionary refugees who arrived here from Changsha and nearby stations. Many of them had traveled 30 miles on foot and reached the Yangtse Kiang river in rags. Their houses had been burned and they lost all their personal effects.

The missionaries stated that gunboats in the river have their guns trained upon Changsha and nearby points and have afforded a refuge for many of the foreigners. Three thousand Chinese Imperial soldiers are occupying the strategic points of the capital and detachments are being hurried to the outlying districts, where rioting is reported.

Many Chinese have been killed. In one instance a technical school was set on fire and 30 students were burned to death.

TIED HIMSELF TO RAILROAD TRACK TO ESCAPE WHIPPING

Boy Adopts Almost Fatal Method of Forestalling Paternal Wrath.

Pendleton, Ore.—Pendleton was thrown into a state of excitement the other day when it became known that 12-year-old Dale Maggert had been found tied to the railroad track by an engineer just as he was about to back the switch engine on to him. The boy, when released, declared that he had been seized by a stranger about 10 o'clock the previous night and bound, gagged and tied to the rails on a switching track. Subsequent developments showed, however, that he had tied himself to the track and could easily have rolled out of the way of the engine.

According to Chief of Police Gurdane, who secured a confession only after a prolonged sweating, the boy had been out all night, and, fearing to return home without a plausible excuse, had resorted to the above expedient. The boldness with which he played his part and the vividness with which he described his assailant and each particular of his imagined adventure, deceived a number of people.

Editor Will Turn Hobo.

Denver, Colo.—Convinced that the only way to regain his failing health is to "get back to nature," H J. Holmes, editor of the Glenwood Springs, Colo., Avalanche, one of the Democratic dailies of the State, a few days ago voluntarily assumed the life of a hobo. Holmes will beat his way from Denver to Boston, riding the bumpers, sleeping in box cars and knocking at back doors for a handout in the most approved hobo style. Holmes has been prominent in Democratic politics in Colorado for twenty years and is a man of means.

Chinese Prince Lavish With Tips.

San Francisco.—One hundred dollars a day for tips? It sounds large, but this is the sum paid out by Prince Tsai Tao of China when he left the Palace Hotel last Saturday after a stay of one day. Pursuant to a custom of the Orientals, the Prince offered no tips to the boy or the maid who waited on him at the time of the service. He waited until the hour of his departure and then left the money with the hotel manager to be distributed among the help.

Farmer Electrocuted While Working.

Stockton.—While boring a well on his farm near Waterloo, C. M. Hannah, a well-to-do farmer, was electrocuted; a hired man, Joseph England, was badly burned, and Thomas Curry, a neighbor, who was standing near, received a bad shock when the pipe they were using came in contact with a line of electric wires some twenty feet above their heads.

Pioneer Passes Away.

San Francisco.—Edward B. Pond, former mayor of San Francisco, once a candidate for governor of the State, and one of the old guard that crossed the plains in response to the call from the western Eldorado, died suddenly from heart failure in his apartments in the Hotel Granada, at the age of 76.

Asparagus Burned to Keep Up Prices.

Sacramento.—For the first time in history there is an over-production of asparagus in California. The market is glutted with the grass at present, and several hundred cases were shipped to San Francisco recently to be incinerated.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

COLMA-VISTA GRANDE AERIE, No. 1848 F. O. E. meets every Thursday evening in Colma Hall at 8:30 p. m
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